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A Selection only.

MY YOUTH

BY

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METHUEN & CO. LTD.
36 ESSEX STREET, W.C.
LONDON

First Issued in this cheap Form by Methuen & Co., Ltd., in 1919

MY YOUTH

CHAPTER I

WHAT I CONSIDER THE BEGINNING OF YOUTH.

I HAVE said that my friendship with Dmitri revealed a new view of life to me, its aims and bearings. This view consisted essentially in the belief that man's destiny is to strive for moral perfection, and that this perfection is easy, possible, and eternal. But hitherto I had revelled only in the discovery of the new thoughts which sprang from this belief, and in the construction of brilliant plans for a moral and active future; but my life went on in the same petty, confused, and idle fashion.

The philanthropic thoughts which I examined in my conversations with my adored friend Dmitri, *wonderful Mitya* as I called him in a whisper to myself sometimes, still pleased my mind only, but not my feelings. But the time arrived when these thoughts came into my head with such freshness and force of moral discovery, that I was alarmed when I reflected how much time I had wasted in vain; and I wanted to apply these thoughts immediately, that very second, to life, with the firm intention of never changing them.

And from that time I date the beginning of *youth*. At that time I was nearly sixteen. Masters continued to come to me. St. Jerôme supervised my studies, and I was forced unwillingly to prepare for the university. Besides my studies, my occupations consisted in solitary, incoherent

reveries and meditation; in gymnastic exercises with a view to making myself the strongest man in the world; in roaming, without any definite aim or idea, through all the rooms, and particularly in the corridor of the maids' room; and in gazing at myself in the mirror, from which last occupation, by the way, I always desisted with a heavy feeling of sorrow and even of aversion. I was convinced that my appearance was not only plain, but I could not even comfort myself with the consolations usual in such cases. I could not say that my face was expressive, intellectual, and noble. There was nothing expressive about it; the features were of the coarsest, most ordinary, and homeliest. My small grey eyes were stupid rather than intelligent, particularly when I looked in the mirror. There was still less of manliness about it. Although I was not so very diminutive in stature, and very strong for my age, all my features were soft, flabby, and unformed. There was not even anything noble about it: on the contrary, my face was exactly like that of a common peasant (*muzhik*) and I had just such big hands and feet; and this seemed to me at that time very disgraceful.

CHAPTER II

SPRING

IN the year when I entered the university, Easter fell so late in April that the examinations were set for Quasimodo Week, and I was obliged to prepare for the sacrament, and make my final preparations, during Passion Week.

The weather had been soft, warm, and clear for three days after the wet snow which Karl Ivanitch had been in the habit of calling "*the son followed the father.*" Not a lump of snow was to be seen in the streets; dirty paste had given place to the wet shining pavements and rapid rivulets. The last drops were thawing from the roofs in the sun. The buds were swelling on the trees within the enclosures. The path in the court-yard was dry. In the direction of the stable, past the frozen heaps of manure, and between the stones about the porch the moss-like grass was beginning to turn green. It was that particular period of spring which acts most powerfully upon the soul of man—the clear, full, brilliant but not hot sun, the brooks and snow-bare places breathing freshness to the air; and the tender blue sky, with its long transparent clouds. I do not know why, but it seems to me that the influence of this first period of birth of the spring is even more powerful and perceptible in a great city: one sees less, but foresees more. I stood by the window, through whose double frames the morning sun cast dusty rays of light upon the floor of the schoolroom which bored me so intolerably, solving a long algebraic equation on the blackboard. In one hand I held a soft, tattered copy of Franker's Algebra, in the other a small bit of chalk, with

which I had already smeared both hands, my face and the elbows of my coat. Nikolai, wearing an apron, and with his sleeves rolled up, was chipping off the cement, and extracting the nails of the windows which opened on the front yard. His occupation, and the noise he made, distracted my attention. Besides, I was in a very evil and dissatisfied state of mind. Nothing would go right with me. I had made a mistake at the beginning of my calculation, so that I had had to begin all over again. I had dropped the chalk twice. I was conscious that my hands and face were dirty. The sponge had disappeared somewhere or other; the noise which Nikolai made shook my nerves painfully. I wanted to get into a rage, and growl. I flung aside the chalk and algebra, and began to pace the room. But I remembered that to-day I must go to confession, and that I must refrain from all evil; and all at once I fell into a peculiar, gentle mood, and approached Nikolai.

"Permit me; I will help you, Nikolai," said I, trying to impart the gentlest of tones to my voice. The thought that I was behaving well, stifling my vexation, and helping him, heightened this gentle disposition of mind still further.

The cement was cut away, the nails removed; but although Nikolai tugged at the cross-frame with all his might, the frame would not yield.

"If the frame comes out immediately now, when I pull on it," I thought, "it will signify that it is a sin, and that I need not do any more work to-day." The frame leaned to one side, and came out.

"Where is it to be carried?" said I.

"If you please, I will take care of it myself," replied Nikolai, evidently amazed and seemingly displeased with my zeal: "it must not be dropped, but they belong in the garret in my room."

"I will take care of it," said I, lifting the frame.

It seems to me, that if the garret were two versts away, and the window-frame were twice as heavy,

I should be very much pleased. I wanted to torture myself by performing this service for Nikolai. When I returned to the room, the tiles and the cones of salt* were already transferred to the window-sills, and Nikolai had brushed off the sand and drowsy flies through the open window. The fresh, perfumed air had already entered and filled the room. From the window, the hum of the city and the twittering of the sparrows in the yard were audible.

Every object was brilliantly illuminated; the room had grown cheerful; the light spring breeze fluttered the leaves of my algebra, and Nikolai's hair. I approached the window, sat down in it, bent towards the yard, and began to think.

Some new, exceedingly powerful, and pleasant sensation penetrated my soul all at once. The wet earth, through which, here and there, bright green spears of grass with yellow stalks pushed their way; the rivulets, sparkling in the sun, and whirling along little clods of earth and shavings and reddening twigs of syringa with swollen buds which undulate just beneath the window; the anxious twittering of the birds thronging this bush; the blackish hedge wet with the melted snow; but chiefly the damp, fragrant air and cheerful sun—spoke to me intelligibly, clearly, of something new and very beautiful, which, though I cannot reproduce it as it told itself to me, I shall endeavour to repeat as I received it: everything spoke to me of beauty, happiness, and virtue, said that both were easy and possible to me, that one could not exist without the

*In order to aid the sand, which is placed between the double windows to absorb dampness, little cones of salt two or three inches high are added, about three to a window. The salt is put into little paper moulds while damp, to give it this conical form, and the moulds are sometimes left also. Tiles or little bricks are often added, like cases, between the salt, for ornaments; and provincial æsthetes frequently add or substitute little bunches of artificial flowers.

other, and even that beauty, happiness, and virtue are one and the same. "How could I fail to understand this? How wicked I was before! How happy I might have been, and how happy I may be in the future!" I said to myself. "I must become another man as quickly, as quickly, as possible, this very moment, and begin to live differently." But, in spite of this, I still sat for a long time in the window, dreaming and doing nothing. Has it ever happened to you, in summer, to lie down to sleep, during the daytime, in gloomy, rainy weather, and, waking up at sunset, to open your eyes, to catch sight through the wide square window, from under the linen blind which swells and beats its lath against the window-sill, of the shady, purpling side of the linden alley, wet with rain, and the damp garden walks, illuminated by the bright, slanting rays; to suddenly catch the sound of merry life among the birds in the garden, and to see the insects which are circling in the window aperture, transparent in the sun, and become conscious of the fragrance of the air after rain, and to think, "How shameful of me to sleep away such an evening!" and then to spring up in haste, in order to go to the garden and rejoice in life? If this has happened to you, then here is a specimen of the powerful feeling which I experienced then.

CHAPTER III

REVERIES

"TO-DAY I shall confess, I shall purify myself of all my sins," I thought, "and I shall never commit any more." (Here I recalled all the sins which troubled me most.) "I shall go to church, without fail, every Sunday, and afterwards I shall read the Gospels for a whole hour; and then, out of the white bank-bill which I shall receive every month when I enter the university, I will be sure to give two roubles and a half (one tenth) to the poor, and in such a manner that no one shall know it—and not to beggars, but I will seek out poor people, an orphan or old woman, whom no one knows about.

"I shall have a room to myself (probably St Jerôme's), and I shall take care of it myself, and keep it wonderfully clean; and I shall leave the man nothing to do for me, for he is just the same as I am. Then I shall go all day to the university on foot (and if they give me a drozhky, I shall sell it, and give that money also to the poor), and I shall do everything with the greatest precision (what that 'everything' was, I could not have told, in the least, then; but I vividly realized and felt this 'everything' in an intellectual, moral, and irreproachable life). I shall prepare my lectures, and even go over the subjects beforehand, so that I shall be at the head in the first course, and write the dissertation; in the second course, I shall know everything beforehand, and they can transfer me directly to the third course, so that at eighteen I

shall graduate as first candidate, with two gold medals ; then I shall stand my examination for the degree of Master, then Doctor, and I shall become the leading savant in Russia ; I may be the most learned man in Europe, even." "Well, and afterwards ? " I asked myself. But here I remembered that these were dreams—pride, sin, which I should have to recount to the priest that evening ; and I went back to the beginning of my argument. "As a preparation for my lectures, I will walk out to the Sparrow Hills ; * there I will select a spot beneath a tree, and read over the lesson. Sometimes I shall take something to eat with me, cheese or patties from Pedotti, or something. I shall rest myself, and then I shall read some good book, or sketch views, or play on some instrument (I must not fail to learn to play the flute). Then *she* will also take a walk on the Sparrow Hills, and some day she will come up to me, and ask who I am. And I shall look at her so mournfully, and say that I am the son of a priest, and that I am happy only here when I am alone, quite, quite alone. Then she will give me her hand, and say something, and sit down beside me. Thus we shall come there every day, and we shall become friends, and I shall kiss her. —No, that is not well : on the contrary, from this day forth, I shall never more look at a woman. Never, never will I go into the maids' room, I will try not to pass by it even ; and in three years I shall be free from guardianship, and I shall marry, without fail. I shall take as much exercise as possible with gymnastics every day, so that when I am twenty I shall be stronger than Rappeau. The first day, I will hold half a pood† in my outstretched hand for five minutes ; on the second day twenty-one pounds ; on the third day, twenty-two pounds, and so on, so that at last I can support four poods in each hand, and I shall be stronger than any

* Hills near Moscow. †About twenty pounds.

one at court; and when anyone undertakes to insult me, or express himself disrespectfully of *her*, I will take him thus, quite simply, by the breast, I will lift him an arshin or two from the ground with one hand, and only hold him long enough to let him feel my power, and then I will release him.—But this is not well: no, I will not do him any harm, I will only show him "—

Reproach me not because the dreams of adolescence were as childish as the dreams of childhood and boyhood. I am convinced that if I am fated to live to extreme old age, and my story follows my growth, as an old man of seventy I shall dream in exactly the same impossibly childish way as now. I shall dream of some charming Marie, who will fall in love with me as a toothless old man, as she loved Mazeppa;‡ of how my weak-minded son will suddenly become a minister, through some unusual circumstance; or of how a treasure of millions will fall to me all of a sudden. I am convinced that there is no human being or age which is deprived of this beneficent, comforting capacity for dreaming. But, exclusive of the general traits of impossibility —the witchcraft of reverie—the dreams of each man and of each stage of growth possess their own distinctive character. During that period of time which I regard as the limit of boyhood and the beginning of adolescence, four sentiments formed the foundation of my dreams: love for *her*, the ideal woman, of whom I thought always in the same strain, and whom I expected to meet somewhere at any moment. This *she* was a little like Sonitchka; a little like Mascha, Vasili's wife, when she washes the clothes in the tub; and a little like the woman with pearls on her white neck, whom I saw in the theatre very long ago, in the box next to ours. The second sentiment was love of love. I wanted to have everyone know and love me. I wanted to pronounce my name, Nikolai Irteneff, and have

‡ An allusion to Pushkin's poem, "Poltava."

everyone, startled by this information, surround me, and thank me for something. The third feeling was the hope of some remarkable, glorious good fortune—so great and firm that it would border on madness. I was so sure that I should become the greatest and most distinguished man in the world very soon, in consequence of some extraordinary circumstance or other, that I found myself constantly in a state of agitated expectation of something enchantingly blissful. I was always expecting that it *was about to begin*, and that I was on the point of attaining whatever a man may desire; and I was always hastening about in all directions, supposing that it was already *beginning* in the place where I was not. The fourth and principal feeling was disgust at myself, and remorse, but a remorse so mingled with hope of bliss that there was nothing sorrowful about it. It seemed to me so easy and natural to tear myself away from all the past, to reconstruct, to forget everything which had been, and to begin my life with all its relations quite anew, that the past neither weighed upon nor fettered me. I even took pleasure in my repugnance to the past, and began to see it in more sombre colours than it had possessed. The blacker was the circle of memories of the past, the purer and brighter did the pure, bright point of the present and the rainbow hues of the future stand out in relief against it. This voice of remorse, and of passionate desire for perfection, was the chief new spiritual sentiment at that epoch of my development; and it marked a new era in my views with regard to myself, to people, and the world. That beneficent, cheering voice has, since then, so often boldly been raised, in those sad hours when the soul has silently submitted to the weight of life's falsehood and vice, against every untruth, maliciously convicting the past, pointing to the bright spot of the present and making one love it, and promising good and happiness in the future—the blessed, comforting voice! Wilt thou ever cease to sound?

CHAPTER IV

OUR FAMILY CIRCLE

PAPA was seldom at home that spring, but when he happened to be, he was extremely gay; he rattled off his favourite pieces on the piano, made eyes and invented jests about Mimi and all of us, such as that the Tzarevitch of Georgia had seen Mimi out riding, and had fallen so much in love that he had sent a petition to the synod for a divorce, and that I had been appointed assistant to the ambassador to Vienna—and he communicated this news with a sober face; and frightened Katenka with spiders, which she was afraid of. He was very gracious to our friends Dubkoff and Nekhliudoff, and was constantly telling us and visitors his plans for the coming year. Although these plans were changed nearly every day, and contradicted each other, they were so attractive that we listened to them eagerly, and Liubotchka stared straight at papa's lips, never once winking lest she should lose a single word. But the plan consisted in leaving us in Moscow at the university, and going to Italy with Liubotchka for two years, and purchasing an estate in the Crimea, on the southern shore, and going there every summer, and in removing to St. Petersburg with the whole family, and so forth. But another change had taken place in papa, besides his remarkable gaiety, which greatly surprised me. He had got himself some fashionable clothes—an olive-coloured coat, fashionable trousers with straps, and a long over-

coat which became him extremely—and he was often deliciously scented with perfumes when he went anywhere, and particularly to one lady of whom Mimi never spoke except with a sigh, and with a face on which one might have read the words, "Poor orphans! An unfortunate passion. It is well that *she* is no more," and so on. I learned from Nikolai (for papa never told us about his gambling affairs) that he had been very lucky at play that winter; he had won a dreadfully large sum at ombre, and did not want to play again that spring. Probably this was the reason that he was so anxious to go to the country as soon as possible, lest he should not be able to restrain himself. He even decided not to await my entrance to the university, but went off immediately after Easter to Petrovskoe with the girls, whither Volodya and I were to follow him later on.

Volodya had been inseparable from Dubkoff all winter and even until the spring (but he and Dmitri began to treat each other rather coldly). Their chief pleasures, so far as I could judge from the conversations which I heard, consisted in drinking champagne incessantly, driving in a sleigh past the windows of young ladies with whom they were both in love, and dancing *vis-à-vis*, not at children's balls any more, but at real balls.

This last circumstance caused a great separation between Volodya and me, although we loved each other. We were conscious that the difference was too great between the boy to whom teachers still came, and the man who danced at great balls, to allow of our making up our minds to share our thoughts. Katenka was already quite grown up, read a great many romances, and the thought that she might soon marry no longer seemed a joke to me; but although Volodya was grown up also, they did not associate, and it even seemed as though they despised each other. Generally, when Katenka was at home, she had nothing to occupy her but

romances, and she was bored most of the time ; but when strange men came, she became very lively and charming, made eyes at them, and what she meant to express by this I could not in the least understand. Only later, when I learned from her in conversation that the only coquetry permitted to a girl is this coquetry of the eyes, could I explain to myself the strange, unnatural grimaces of the eyes, which did not seem to surprise other people at all. Liubotchka also had begun to wear dresses which were almost long, so that her crooked feet were hardly visible at all ; but she cried as much as ever. She no longer dreamed now of marrying a hussar, but a singer, or a musician ; and to this end she busied herself diligently with music. St. Jerôme, who knew that he was to remain in the house only until the conclusion of my examinations, had found a situation with some Count, and from that time forth looked upon our household rather disdainfully. He was seldom at home, took to smoking cigarettes, which were then the height of dandyism, and was incessantly whistling merry airs through a card. Mimi became more bitter every day, and it seemed as though she did not expect any good from any one of us from the time we were grown up.

When I came down to dinner, I found only Mimi, Katenka, Liubotchka, and St. Jerôme in the dining-room ; papa was not at home, and Volodya, who was preparing for examination, was with his comrades in his room, and had ordered his dinner to be served there. Of late, Mimi, whom none of us respected, had taken the head of the table most of the time, and dinner lost much of its charm. Dinner was no longer, as in mamma's day, and grandmamma's, a kind of ceremony which united the whole family at a certain hour, and divided the day into two halves. We permitted ourselves to be late, to come in at the second course, to drink wine from tumblers (St. Jerôme himself set the

example on this point), to lounge on our chairs, to go off before dinner was over, and similar liberties. From that moment dinner ceased to be, as formerly, a joyous, daily family solemnity. It was quite another thing at Petrovskoe, where all, freshly washed and dressed for dinner, seated themselves in the drawing-room at two o'clock, and chatted merrily while waiting for the appointed hour. Just as the clock in the butler's pantry squeaks preparatory to striking two, Foka enters softly, a napkin on his arm, and with a dignified and rather stern countenance. "Dinner is ready!" he says in a loud, drawling voice; and all go to the dining-room, the elder people in front, the young ones behind, with gay contented faces; rattling their starched skirts, and squeaking their shoes, and softly talking, they seat themselves in their familiar places. And it used to be very different in Moscow, where all stood softly talking before the table, waiting for grandmamma. Gavrilo has already gone to announce to her that dinner is served: all at once the door opens, the rustle of a dress and the sound of feet become audible, and grandmamma swims out of her chamber, in a remarkable cap with lilac ribbons and all on one side, smiling or scowling darkly (according to the state of her health). Gavrilo rushes to her chair, the chairs rattle, and with a feeling of cold trickling down your spine—a forerunner of appetite—you take your rather damp, starched napkin, devour your crust of bread, and, rubbing your hands under the table with impatient and joyous greediness, you gaze at the steaming tureen of soup, which the butler dispenses according to rank, age, and grandmamma's ideas.

I no longer experience any such joy or emotion when I come to dinner.

The chatter between Mimi, St. Jerôme, and the girls about the frightful shoes which the Russian teacher wears, and Princess Kornakova's flounced dresses, and so on—that chatter which formerly

inspired me with genuine contempt, which I did not even try to conceal so far as Liubotchka and Katenka were concerned—did not withdraw me from my new and virtuous frame of mind. I was unusually gentle; I listened to them with a peculiarly courteous smile, asked to have the kvas passed to me respectfully, and agreed with St. Jerôme when he corrected me for a phrase which I had used before dinner, and told me that it was better to say *je puis* than *je peux*. But I must confess that it rather displeased me to find that no one paid any special attention to my gentleness and amiability. After dinner Liubotchka showed me a paper on which she had written all her sins; I thought that very fine, but that it would be still better to inscribe one's sins in one's soul, and that "all that amounted to nothing."

"Why not?" asked Liubotchka.

"Well, but this is very good; you don't understand me." And I went upstairs to my own room, telling St. Jerôme that I was going to occupy myself until time to go to confession, which was an hour and a half off yet, with writing out a list of my duties and occupations for my whole life, and laying out on paper the aim of my life, and the rules by which I was always to act without any deviation.

CHAPTER V

RULES

I PRODUCED a sheet of paper, and wanted first of all to set about a list of my duties and occupations for the coming year. For this the paper must be ruled; but as I had not the ruler by me, I used the Latin dictionary for that purpose. When I drew the pen along the dictionary, and then moved that back, it appeared that instead of a line I had made a long puddle of ink on the paper; besides, the dictionary was shorter than the paper, and the line curved around its soft corner. I took another piece of paper, and by moving the lexicon I managed to draw the line after a fashion. Separating my duties into three classes—duties to myself, to my neighbour, and to God—I began to write down the first; but they turned out to be so numerous, and of so many kinds and sub-divisions, that it was necessary to write first, "Rules of Life," and then to set about making a list of them. I took six sheets of paper, sewed them into a book, and wrote at the top, "Rules of Life." These words were so crookedly and unevenly written that I pondered for a long while whether I should not write them again; and I worried long as I looked at the tattered list, and this deformed heading. Why does everything which is so beautiful and clean in my soul turn out so repulsive on paper, and in life generally, when I want to put in practice any of the things which I think?

"The priest has arrived; please come downstairs to attend to him," Nikolai came to announce.

I hid my blank book in the drawer, looked in the glass, brushed my hair up, which, in my opinion, gave me a thoughtful look, and went to the boudoir, where stood a covered table with the images and the wax candles for sacramental preparation. Papa entered by another door at the same time as myself. The priest, a gray-haired monk with a stern, aged face, gave papa his blessing. Papa kissed his small, broad, dry hand; I did the same.

"Call Waldemar," said papa: "where is he? But no, he will make his preparation at the university."

"He is engaged with the Prince," said Katenka, and looked at Liubotchka. Liubtchka suddenly blushed for some reason, pretended that she felt ill, and quitted the room. I followed her. She paused in the drawing-room, and wrote something more on her paper.

"What, have you committed a fresh sin?" I asked.

"No, it's nothing," she replied, turning red.

At that moment Dmitri's voice became audible in the ante-room, as he took leave of Volodya.

"Everything is a temptation to you," said Katenka, entering the room, and addressing Liubotchka.

I could not understand what had happened to my sister: she was so confused that tears rose to her eyes, and her agitation, attaining the highest point, passed into anger at herself and Katenka, who was evidently teasing her.

"It's plain that you are a *foreigner*, (nothing could be more insulting to Katenka than the appellation of "foreigner," and therefore Liubotchka made use of it). "Before such a sacrament!" she continued, with dignity in her voice, "and you are distracting me intentionally; you ought to understand that this is not a jest at all."

"Do you know what she has written, Nikolinka?" said Katenka, offended by the word "foreigner." "She has written "—

"I did not expect that you would be so malicious," said Liubotchka, breaking down completely, and leaving us. "She leads me into sin, and on purpose, at such a moment. I shall not stand by you in your feelings and sufferings."

CHAPTER VI

CONFESSION

WITH these and other similar distracting thoughts, I returned to the boudoir, when all were assembled there, and the priest, rising, prepared to read the prayer before confession. But as soon as the stern, expressive voice of the monk resounded amid the universal silence, and especially when he addressed us with the words, "*Confess all your sins without shame, secrecy, or justification, and your soul shall be purified before God; but if ye conceal aught, so shall ye have greater sin,*" the feeling of devout agitation which I had felt on the preceding morning, at the thought of the coming sacrament, returned to me. I even took pleasure in the admission of this state, and tried to retain it, putting a stop to all thoughts which occurred to me, and trying to fear something.

The first who approached to confess was papa. He remained for a very long time in grandmamma's room, and meanwhile all of us in the boudoir remained silent, or discussed in whispers who should go first. At length the monk's voice was again audible behind the door, as he read a prayer, and then papa's footsteps. The door creaked, and he emerged, coughing, as was his wont, twitching his shoulders, and not looking at any of us.

"Come, do you go now, Liuba, and see that you tell everything. You are my great sinner," said papa gaily, pinching her cheek.

Liubotchka reddened and turned pale, pulled

her list from her apron and hid it again, and hanging her head, and seeming to shorten her neck, as though expecting a blow from above, she passed through the door. She did not stay long, but when she came out her shoulders were heaving with sobs.

Finally, after pretty Katenka, who came out smiling, my turn came. I entered the half-lighted room with the same dull terror, and a desire to deliberately augment that terror, in myself. The priest stood before the reading-desk, and slowly turned his face towards me.

I did not remain more than five minutes in grandmamma's room, and came out happy, and, according to my convictions at the time, a perfectly pure, morally changed, and new man. Although all the surroundings of life struck me unpleasantly, the same rooms, the same furniture, the same face in myself (I should have liked to change my exterior, just as all my interior had been changed, as I thought), still, notwithstanding this, I remained in this refreshing frame of mind until I went to bed.

I had already fallen into a doze, as I was going over in imagination all the sins of which I had been purified, when all at once I recalled one shameful sin which I had kept back in confession. The words of the prayer preceding confession came back to me, and resounded in my ears without intermission. All my composure vanished in a moment. "And if ye conceal aught, so shall ye have greater sin," I heard incessantly. I saw that I was such a terrible sinner that there was no punishment adequate for me. Long did I toss from side to side, as I reflected on my situation, and awaited God's punishment and even sudden death from moment to moment—a thought which threw me into indescribable terror. But suddenly the happy thought occurred to me, to go or ride to the priest at the monastery as soon as it was light, and confess again; and I became calm.

CHAPTER VII

THE TRIP TO THE MONASTERY

I WOKE up several times during the night, fearing to oversleep myself in the morning, and at six o'clock I was already on my feet. It was hardly light at the windows yet. I put on my clothes and my boots, which lay in a heap and unbrushed by the bed, for Nikolai had not succeeded in carrying them off; and without washing myself or saying my prayers, I went out into the street alone for the first time in my life.

From behind the big, green-roofed house on the other side of the street, the red flush of the full, cold dawn appeared. A rather hard spring morning frost bound the mud and the rivulets, crackled under foot, and bit my face and hands.

There was not a single cabman in our lane as yet, though I had counted on one in order that I might go and return the more speedily. Only a few carts were dragging slowly along the Arbata, and a couple of working stone-masons passed along the sidewalk in conversation. After I had gone a thousand paces, I began to meet men and women with their baskets going to market, or with casks to fetch water. A pie-seller had come out at the corner; one kalatch-baker's shop* was open, and at the Arbatsky gate I came across an old cabman asleep on his worn, blue, patched drozhky. It must have been in his sleep that he asked me

* *Kalatch*, a certain kind of white roll or small loaf.

twenty kopecks to the monastery and back, but then he suddenly recollected himself; and only when I was about to take my seat, did he lash his horse with the ends of the reins, and attempt to drive off. "I must feed my horse! impossible, master!" he muttered.

It was with difficulty that I persuaded him to stop by offering him forty kopecks. He pulled up his horse, looked me over carefully, and said, "Get in, master." I confess that I was rather afraid that he would drive me to some secluded lane, and rob me. Catching hold of his tattered coat-collar, whereupon his wrinkled neck, mounted upon a deeply bowed spine, was laid bare in a pitiful way, I climbed up to the blue, undulating, rocking seat, and we went shaking down the Vosdvizhenka. On the way, I observed that the back of the drozhky was lined with bits of the greenish material from which the driver's coat was made; and this fact calmed me, for some reason, and I was no longer afraid that the izvoshchik would carry me off to an obscure alley and rob me.

The sun was already quite high, and had gilded the cupolas of the churches brilliantly, when we arrived at the monastery. Frost still lingered in the shade; but along the road flowed swift turbid streams, and the horse splashed along through liquid mud. On entering the enclosure of the monastery, I inquired of the first person I saw, where I could find the priest.

"Yonder is his cell," said the passing monk, pausing for a moment, and pointing at a tiny house with a tiny portico.

"I am extremely obliged," said I.

But what could the monks, who all stared at me as they came out of the church one by one, think of me? I was neither an adult nor a child; my face was unwashed, my hair uncombed, my clothing dusty, my shoes uncleaned and still muddy. To what class did the monks, who were surveying me,

assign me? And they examined me attentively. Nevertheless, I walked in the direction indicated to me by the young monk.

An old man in a black garment, with a thick grey beard met me in the narrow path which led to the cell, and asked what I wanted.

For a moment, I wanted to say, "Nothing," run back to the carriage, and drive home; but the old man's face inspired confidence, in spite of his contracted brows. I said that I must see the priest, and mentioned his name.

"Come, young sir, I will conduct you," said he, turning back, and apparently divining my situation at once. "The father is at mass: he will soon be here."

He opened the door, and led me through a clean vestibule and ante-room, over a clean linen floor-covering, into the cell.

"Wait here," said he, with a kindly, soothing glance, and went out.

The little room in which I found myself was extremely small, and arranged with the greatest neatness. A little table covered with oilcloth, standing between two French windows, and with two pots of geraniums placed upon it, a stand supporting the images, and a lamp which swung before them, one arm-chair and two common chairs, comprised the entire furniture. In the corner hung a wall-clock, its dial adorned with painted flowers, and with its brass weights on chains half unwound: two cassocks hung from nails in the partition, behind which was probably the bed, and which was joined to the ceiling by white-washed wooden poles.

The windows opened on a white wall about two arshins distant. Between them and the wall was a little bush of syringa. Not a sound from without penetrated to the room, so that the regular tick of the pendulum seemed a loud noise in this stillness. As soon as I was alone in this quiet nook, all my

former ideas and memories suddenly leaped out of my head, as if they had never been there, and I became wholly absorbed in an inexpressibly agreeable reverie. That yellow nankeen cassock, with its tattered lining, the worn black leather bindings of the books and their brass clasps, the dull green hue of the plants, the carefully watered earth and well-washed leaves, and the monotonous, interrupted sound of the pendulum in particular, spoke to me distinctly of a new life hitherto unknown to me—a life of solitude, of prayer, of calm, quiet happiness.

"Months pass by, years pass by," I thought. "He is always alone, always calm; he always feels that his conscience is pure in the sight of God, and that his prayers are heard by Him." For half an hour, I sat on that chair, trying not to move, and not to breathe loudly, in order that I might not disturb that harmony of sounds which had been so eloquent to me. And the pendulum ticked on as before, loudly to the right, more softly to the left.

CHAPTER VIII

A SECOND CONFESSION

THE priest's footsteps aroused me from this reverie.

"Welcome," said he, adjusting his grey hair with his hand. "What would you like?"

I asked him to bless me, and kissed his small yellow hand with peculiar satisfaction.

When I explained my petition to him, he made no reply to me, but went to the ikon,* and began the confession.

When the confession was finished, I conquered my shame, told him all that was in my soul; he laid his hands upon my head, and in his quiet, melodious voice, he said, "My son, may the blessing of our heavenly Father be upon you, and may he preserve faith, peace, and gentleness within you evermore. Amen."

I was perfectly happy; tears of bliss came into my eyes; I kissed the folds of his lady's-cloth cassock, and raised my head. The monk's face was quite calm.

I felt that I was taking delight in the sensation of emotion; and, fearing that I might banish it in some way, I took leave of the priest in haste, and without glancing aside, in order not to distract my attention, quitted the enclosure, and seated myself again in the motley and jolting drozhky. But the

* Pictures of the Saints.

jolts of the equipage, the variety of objects which flashed before my eyes, speedily dissipated that sensation, and I already began to think that the priest was probably thinking by this time that such a fine soul of a young man as I, he had never met, and never would meet in all his life, and that there were no others like me. I was convinced of that, and this conviction called forth in me a feeling of cheerfulness of such a nature that it demanded communication to someone.

I wanted dreadfully to talk to somebody; but as there was no one at hand except the izvoshchik, I turned to him.

"Well, was I gone long?" I asked.

"Not so very long; but it was time to feed the horse long ago, because I am a night-cabman," replied the old izvoshchik, who seemed quite lively, now that the sun was up, compared with what he had been before.

"It seemed to me that it was only a minute," said I. "And do you know why I went to the monastery?" I added, changing my seat to the hollow which was nearer the driver.

"What business is that of mine? I take my passengers wherever they order me," he replied.

"No, but nevertheless what do you think?" I went on with my interrogations.

"Well, probably, someone is to be buried, and you went to buy a place," said he.

"No, brother; but do you know why I went?"

"I can't know, master," he repeated.

The izvoshchik's voice seemed to me so kind, that I determined to relate to him the cause of my journey, and even the feeling which I had experienced, for his edification.

"I will tell you, if you like. You see"—

And I told him everything, and described all my beautiful sentiments. I blush even now at the memory of it.

"Yes, sir," said the izvoshchik incredulously.

And for a long time after that, he sat silent and motionless, only now and then adjusting the tail of his coat, that escaped from beneath his motley feet which jogged up and down in their big boots on the footboard. I was already fancying that he was thinking about me in the same way as the priest—that is, as such a very fine young man, whose like did not exist in the world; but he suddenly turned to me.

"Well, master, your business is such as concerns a nobleman."

"What?" I inquired.

"Your business is a matter for a nobleman."

"No, he has not understood me," I thought, but I said nothing more to him until we reached home.

Although the feeling of agitation and devotion did not last the whole way, self-satisfaction in having experienced it did, in spite of the people who dotted the streets everywhere with colour in the brilliant sunlight; but as soon as I reached home, this feeling entirely disappeared. I did not have my two twenty-kopeck pieces to pay the driver. Gavrilo, the butler, to whom I was already indebted, would not lend me any more. The izvoshchik, after seeing me run through the court-yard twice to get the money, must have guessed why I was running, climbed down from his drozhky, and, although he had seemed to me so kind, began to talk loudly, with an evident desire to wound me, about swindlers who would not pay for their rides.

Everyone was still asleep in the house, so there was no one of whom I could borrow the forty kopecks except the servants. Finally Vasili, under my sacred, most sacred word of honour, which (I could see it by his face) he did not put the slightest faith in, but because he loved me and remembered the service which I had rendered him, paid the izvoshchik for me. When I went to dress for

church, in order that I might receive the communion with the rest, and it turned out that my clothes had not been mended and I could not put them on, I sinned to an incalculable extent. Having donned another suit, I went to the communion in a strange state of agitation of mind, and with utter disbelief in my very fine proclivities.

CHAPTER IX

HOW I PREPARE FOR EXAMINATION

ON the Friday after Easter, papa, my sister, Mimi, and Katenka went to the country; so that in all grandmamma's great house there remained only Volodya, myself, and St. Jerôme. The frame of mind in which I had found myself on the day of confession, and when I went to the monastery, had completely disappeared, and had left behind only a troubled though agreeable memory, which was more and more dulled by the new impressions of a free life.

The blank book with the heading, "Rules of Life," had also been hidden under roughly written note-books of my studies. Although the idea of the possibility of establishing rules for all the contingencies of life, and of guiding myself always by them, pleased me, and seemed very simple and at the same time very grand, and I intended all the same to apply it to life, I seemed to have again forgotten that it was necessary to do this at once, and I kept putting it off to some indefinite time. But one fact delighted me; and that was, that every thought which occurred to me now ranged itself immediately under one or other of the classifications of my rules and duties—either under the head of duty to my neighbour, to myself, or to God. "Now I will set it down there," I said to myself, "and many, many other thoughts which will occur to me then on this subject." I often ask myself now: When was I better and more correct—then, when I believed in the omnipotency of the human

intellect, or now that I have lost faith in the power of development, and doubt the power and significance of the human mind? And I cannot give myself any positive answer.

The consciousness of freedom, and that spring feeling of expecting something, which I have already mentioned, agitated me to such a degree that I positively could not control myself, and I was very badly prepared for my examination. Suppose you are busy in the schoolroom in the morning, and know that it is necessary to work, because to-morrow there is to be an examination on a subject, two whole questions on which you have not read up at all, when, all of a sudden, a spring perfume wafts in at the window: it seems as though it were indispensably necessary to recall something; your hands drop of themselves, your feet begin to move of their own will, and to pace back and forth, and some spring seems to be pressed in your head which sets the whole machine in motion; and it is so light and natural in your mind, and divers merry motley reveries begin to run through it, and you can sing over your book, and concentrating your attention, after a fashion, on what you are reading, and suddenly you hear the sound of a woman's footsteps and dress in the corridor which sends all serious thoughts out of your head, and there is no possibility of sitting still in one place, although you know very well that nobody can be passing through that corridor except Gascha, grandmother's old maid-servant. "Well, but if it should be beginning now, and I let the opportunity slip?" And you bound out into the corridor, and see that it is actually Gascha; but you do not recover control of your head for a long time. The spring has been pressed, and again a frightful disorder has ensued. Or, you are sitting in the evening, with a tallow candle, in your room; and all at once you tear yourself from your book for a moment in order to snuff the candle or to

place a chair, and you see that it is dark everywhere, at the doors and in the corners, and you hear how quiet it is all over the house; and again it is impossible not to stop and listen to that silence, and not to stare at that obscurity of the door which open into a dark chamber, and not to remain for a long, long time immovable in the same attitude, or not to go downstairs, or pass through all the empty rooms. Often, too, I have sat unperceived for a long time in the hall, listening to the sound of the "Nightingale," which Gascha was playing with one finger on the piano, as she sat alone with one tallow candle in the great apartment. And when there was moonlight I could not resist rising from my bed, and lying on the window towards the yard, and gazing at the illuminated roof of the chapel of the house, and the graceful bell-tower of our parish church, and at the night shadows of the hedge and bushes as they lay upon the garden paths; and I could not help sitting there so long, that I was only able to rouse myself with difficulty at ten o'clock in the morning.

So that, had it not been for the masters who continued to come to me, St. Jerôme, who now and then unwillingly tickled my vanity, and most of all the desire to show myself a capable young fellow in the eyes of my friend Nekhliudoff, that is, by passing an excellent examination, which in his opinion was a matter of great importance—if it had not been for this, the spring and liberty would have had the effect of making me forget everything I had known before, and I should not have been able to pass the examination on any terms.

CHAPTER X

THE EXAMINATION IN HISTORY

ON the 16th of April I went to the great hall of the university for the first time, under the protection of St. Jerôme. We drove there in our rather dandified phaeton. I was in a dress-coat for the first time in my life; and all my clothing, even my linen and stockings, was perfectly new, and of the very best. When the Swiss pulled off my overcoat, and I stood before him in all the beauty of my costume, I was rather ashamed of being so dazzling; but I had no sooner stepped into the bright hall, with its polished floor, which was filled with people, and beheld hundreds of young men in gymnasium uniforms and dress-coats, several of whom glanced at me with indifference, and the dignified professors at the farther end, walking freely about the tables, and sitting in large arm-chairs, than I was instantly disenchanted in my hope of turning the general attention upon myself, and the expression of my countenance, which at home and even in the ante-room had indicated that I possessed that noble and distinguished appearance against my will, changed into an expression of the most excessive timidity, and to some extent of depression. I even fell into the other extreme, and rejoiced greatly when I beheld at the nearest desk an excessively ugly, dirtily dressed gentleman, not yet old but almost entirely grey, who sat on the last

bench, at a distance from all the rest. I immediately seated myself beside him, and began to observe the candidates for examination, and to draw my conclusions about them. Many and varied were the figures and faces there; but all, according to my opinion at the time, were easily divisible into three classes.

There were those who, like myself, presented themselves for examination, accompanied by their tutors or parents; and among their number was the youngest Ivin with the well-known Frost, and Ilinka Grap with his aged father. All such had downy chins, prominent linen, and sat quietly without opening the books and blank-books which they had brought with them, and regarded the professors and the examination tables with evident timidity. The second class of candidates were the young men in the gymnasium uniforms, many of whom had already shaved. Most of these knew each other, talked loudly, mentioned the professors by their names and patronymics, were already preparing questions, passing their note-books to each other, walking over the stools in the anteroom and bringing in patties and slices of bread-and-butter, which they immediately devoured, merely bending their heads to a level with the desks. And lastly, there was a third class of candidates, very few in number, however, who were quite old, were attired in dress-coats, though the majority wore surtouts, and were without any visible linen. The one who consoled me by being certainly dressed worse than I was belonged to this last class. He leaned his head on both hands, and between his fingers escaped dishevelled locks of half-grey hair; he was reading a book, and merely glanced at me for a moment with his brilliant eyes in anything but a good-natured way, scowled darkly, and thrust out a shining elbow in my direction, so that I might not move any nearer to him. The gymnasium men, on the other hand, were too familiar, and I was a

little afraid of them. One said, as he thrust a book into my hand, "Give this to that man yonder;" another said, as he passed me, "Go ahead, batiuschka;" a third, as he climbed over the desk, leaned on my shoulder as though it had been the bench. All this was coarse and disagreeable to me. I considered myself much better than these fellows from the gymnasium, and thought they had no business to permit themselves such liberties with me. At last they began to call the family names; the gymnasium fellows stepped out boldly, answered well for the most part, and returned cheerfully. Our set were much more timid, and answered worse, it appeared. Some of the elder men answered excellently, others very badly indeed. When Semenoff was called, my neighbour with the hair and glittering eyes stepped over my feet with a rude push, and went up to the table. On returning to his place, he took up his note-books, and quietly went away without finding out how he had been rated. I had already shuddered several times at the sound of the voice which called the family names, but my turn had not yet come, according to the alphabetical list, although some whose names began with K had already been called up. "Ikonin and Teneff," shouted someone in the professors' corner all of a sudden. A shiver ran through my back and my hair.

"Who is called? Who is Barteneff?" they began to say around me.

"Go, Ikonin, you are called: but who is Barteneff, Mordeneff? I do not know, I confess," said a tall, ruddy gymnasist as he stood before me.

"It is you," said St. Jerôme.

"My name is Irteneff," said I to the red-faced gymnasist. "Did they call for Irteneff?"

"Yes; why don't you go? What a fop!" he added, not loudly, but so that I heard his words as I left the bench. In front of me walked Ikonin, a tall young man of five and twenty, who belonged to the

third class of old candidates. He wore a tight olive coat, a blue satin neckerchief, upon which behind hung his long, light hair, dressed à la muzhik.* I had already remarked his personal appearance on the seats. He was rather good-looking and excitable.

What especially struck me in him was the queer reddish hair which he had allowed to grow on his throat; and, still more, a strange custom which he had of incessantly unbuttoning his waistcoat, and scratching his breast under his shirt.

Three professors were seated at the table which Ikonin and I were approaching: not one of them returned our salute. The young professor was shuffling tickets like a pack of cards; the second professor, with a star on his coat, was staring at the gymnasist who was saying something very rapidly about Charlemagne, adding "at length" to every word; and the third, an old man, looked at us through his spectacles, and pointed to the tickets. I felt that his gaze was directed upon Ikonin and me jointly, and that something in our appearance displeased him (possibly Ikonin's red beard) because as he looked at us again in the same way he made an impatient sign with his head to us that we should take our tickets as quickly as possible. I felt vexed and insulted, in the first place, because no one had returned our greeting, and, in the second, because they were evidently including me and Ikonin in one classification, that of candidates for examination, and were already prejudiced against me because of Ikonin's red whiskers. I took my ticket without timidity, and prepared to answer, but the professor directed his gaze at Ikonin. I read my ticket through; I knew it, and, while calmly awaiting my turn, I observed what was going on before me. Ikonin was not in the least embarrassed, and was even too bold, for he moved sideways to take his ticket, shook back his hair, and

*Peasant: cut square all round.

read what was printed on it in a dashing way. He was on the point of opening his mouth to reply, I thought, when the professor with the star, having dismissed the gymnasist with praise, glanced at him. Ikonin seemed to recollect himself, and paused. The general silence lasted for a couple of minutes.

"Well," said the professor in spectacles.

Ikonin opened his mouth, and again remained silent.

"Come, you are not the only one; will you answer or not?" said the young professor, but Ikonin did not even look at him. He stared intently at the ticket, and did not utter a single word. The professor in spectacles looked at him through his glasses, and over his glasses, and without his glasses, because by this time he had managed to remove them, wipe them carefully, and put them on again. Ikonin never uttered a word. Suddenly a smile dawned upon his face, he shook back his hair, again turned full broadside to the table, looked at all the professors in turn, then at me, turned, and flourishing his hands walked jauntily back to his bench. The professors exchanged glances.

"A fine bird!"* said the young professor: "he studies at his own expense."

I stepped nearer to the table, but the professors continued to talk almost in a whisper among themselves, as though none of them even suspected my existence. Then I was firmly convinced that all three professors were very much occupied with the question as to whether I would stand the examination, and whether I would come out of it well; but that they were only pretending, for the sake of their dignity, that it was a matter of utter indifference to them, and that they did not perceive me.

When the professor in spectacles turned indifferently to me, inviting me to answer the questions, I looked him full in the eye, and was rather ashamed for him that he should so dissemble

**Golubtchik*, little dove.

before me, and I hesitated somewhat in beginning my answer; but afterwards it became easier and easier, and as the question was from Russian history which I knew very well, I finished in brilliant style, and even gained confidence to such an extent that, desiring to make the professors feel that I was not Ikonin, and that it was impossible to confound me with him, I proposed to take his ticket also; but the professor shook his head, and said, "Very good, sir," and noted down something in his journal. When I returned to the benches, I immediately learned from the gymnasists, who know everything, God knows how, that I had received five points.

CHAPTER XI

THE EXAMINATION IN MATHEMATICS

IN the succeeding examinations I had many new acquaintances besides Grap—whom I deemed unworthy of my acquaintance, and Ivin, who was afraid of me for some reason. Several already exhanged greetings with me. Ikonin was even rejoiced when he saw me, and confided to me that he should be re-examined in history, that the history professor had had a spite against him since the last examination, when he had thrown him into confusion. Semenoff, who had to be examined in the mathematical course like myself, was shy of everyone until the end of the examination. He sat silent and alone, leaning on his elbows, with his hands thrust into his grey hair, and passed his examination in excellent style. He was second, a student from the first gymnasium being first. The latter was a tall, thin, extremely pale, dark-complexioned man, with a neck wrapped in a black neck-cloth, and a forehead covered with pimples. His hands were thin and red, with remarkably long fingers, and nails so bitten that the ends of his fingers seemed to be wound with thread. All this seemed very beautiful to me, and just as it should be in the case of *the first gymnasist*. He spoke to everybody exactly like anybody else, and I even made his acquaintance ; but it seemed to me that there was something unusually *magnetic* in his walk, the movements of his lips, and in his black eyes.

In the mathematical examination, I was called up earlier than usual. I knew the subject pretty well; but there were two questions in algebra which I had contrived in some way to hide from my teacher, and which I knewabsolutely nothing about. They were, as I now recall them, the theory of combinations, and Newton's binomial theorem. I seated myself at the desk in the rear, and looked over the two unfamiliar questions; but the fact that I was not accustomed to work in a noisy room, and the lack of time, which I foresaw, prevented my understanding what I read.

"Here he is; come here, Nekhliudoff," said Volodya's familiar voice behind me.

I turned, and saw mybrother and Dmitri, who were making their way towards me between the benches, with coats unbuttoned and hands flourishing. It was immediately apparent that they were students in their second year, who were as much at their ease in the university as in their own homes. Their unbuttoned coats and easy-going manners seemed to express disdain for us new-comers, and inspired us with envy and respect. It pleased me very much to let all around me see that I was acquainted with two students in their second year, and I rose hastily to meet them.

Volodya could not even refrain from expressing his superiority.

"O you poor wretch!" said he; "how goes it? Have you been examinedyet?"

"No."

"What are you reading? Aren't you prepared?"

"Yes; but not quite on two questions. I don't understand them."

"What! this one here?" said Volodya, and began to explain to me Newton's binomial theorem, but so rapidly and in such a confused manner, that, reading disbelief in his knowledge in my eyes, he glanced at Dmitri, and probably reading the same

in his, he turned red, but went on, nevertheless, to say something which I did not understand.

"No, Volodya, stop; let me go through it with him; perhaps we shall succeed," said Dmitri, glancing at the professors' corner; and he seated himself beside me.

I immediately perceived that my friend was in that gentle, complacent mood which always came upon him when he was satisfied with himself, and which I specially liked in him. As he understood mathematics well and spoke clearly, he went over the subject so splendidly with me, that I remember it to this day. But scarcely had he finished, when St. Jerôme said in a loud whisper, "It's your turn, Nicholas," and I followed Ikonin from behind the desk, without having succeeded in looking over the other unfamiliar question. I approached the table where the two professors sat, and a gymnasist was standing before the blackboard. The gymnasist had boldly resolved some formula, breaking his chalk with a tap on the board, and still went on writing, although the professor had already said, "Enough!" and ordered us to take our tickets. "Now, what if I get that theory of the combination of numbers?" thought I, picking out my ticket with trembling fingers from the soft pile of cut paper. Ikonin took the topmost ticket, without making any choice, with the same bold gesture and sideway lunge of his whole body as in the preceding examination.

"I always have such devilish luck!" he muttered

I looked at mine.

Oh, horror! It was the theory of combinations.

"What have you got?" asked Ikonin.

I showed him.

"I know that," said he.

"Will you change?"

"No, it's no matter; I feel that I'm not in condition," Ikonin barely contrived to whisper, when the professor summoned us to the board.

"Well, all's lost!" I thought. "Instead of the brilliant examination which I dreamed of passing, I shall cover myself with eternal disgrace, even worse than Ikonin." But all at once Ikonin turned to me, right before the professor's eyes, snatched the card from my hand, and gave me his. I glanced at his card. It was Newton's binomial theorem.

The professor was not an old man; and he had a pleasant, sensible expression, to which the extremely prominent lower part of his forehead particularly contributed.

"What is this, gentlemen? you have exchanged cards?"

"No, he gave me his to look at, professor," said Ikonin, inventing—and again the word *professor* was the last one he uttered in that place; and again, as he retired past me, he glanced at the professors, at me, smiled, and shrugged his shoulders—with an expression as much as to say, "No matter, brother!" (I afterwards learned that this was the third year that Ikonin had presented himself for the entrance examination.)

I answered the question which I had just gone over, excellently—even better, as the professor told me, than would have been required—and received mark 5.

CHAPTER XII

THE LATIN EXAMINATION

ALL went on finely until the Latin examination. The gymnasist with his neck bound up was first, Semenoff second, I was the third. I even began to feel proud, and to think that, in spite of my youth, I was not to be taken in jest.

From the very first examination, everybody had been talking with terror of the Latin professor, who was represented as a kind of wild beast who took severe delight in plucking young men (especially such as had been taught by private masters), and as speaking only in the Latin or Greek tongue. St. Jerôme, who was my instructor in the Latin language, encouraged me; and it really seemed to me, that since I could translate from Cicero and several odes of Horace without a lexicon, and since I knew Zumpt very well indeed, I was no worse prepared than the rest. But it turned out otherwise. All the morning there was nothing to be heard but tales of the failures of those who preceded me; this one had a duck's egg; another a single mark; and still another had been scolded terribly, and had been on the point of getting turned out, and so forth. Semenoff and the first gymnasist alone went up and returned with as much composure as usual, having each received mark 5. I already had a presentiment of disaster, when I was called up with Ikonin to the little table, facing which the terrible professor sat quite alone. The

terrible professor was a small, thin, yellow man, with long oily hair and a very thoughtful countenance.

He gave Ikonin a volume of Cicero's Orations, and made him translate.

To my great amazement, Ikonin not only read, but even translated several lines, with the aid of the professor, who prompted him. Conscious of my superiority over such a feeble rival, I could not refrain from smiling, and from doing so in a rather scornful way too, when the question of analysis came up, and Ikonin, as before, sank into stubborn silence. I meant to conciliate the professor by that intelligent, slightly ironical smile; but it turned out the other way.

"You evidently know better, since you smile," said the professor to me in bad Russian. "Let us see. Come now, answer it."

I learned afterwards that the Latin professor was Ikonin's protector, and that Ikonin even lived with him. I immediately replied to the question in syntax which had been propounded to Ikonin; but the professor put on a sad expression, and turned away from me.

"Very good, sir; your turn will come; we shall see how much you know," said he, not looking at me, and he began to explain to Ikonin what he had questioned him on.

"Go," said he; and I saw him set down four for Ikonin in the register. "Well," thought I, "he is not nearly as stern as they said." After Ikonin's departure—for at least five minutes, which seemed to me five hours—he arranged his books and cards, blew his nose, adjusted his arm-chair, threw himself back in it, and looked round the room, and on all sides except in my direction. But all this dissimulation seemed to him insufficient. He opened a book, and pretended to read it, as though I were not there. I stepped up nearer, and coughed.

"Ah, yes! Are you still there? Well, trans-

late something," said he, handing me a book. "But no; better take this one." He turned over the leaves of a copy of Horace, and opened it at a passage which it seemed to me nobody ever could have translated.

"I have not prepared this," said I.

"And you want to recite what you have learned by heart? No, indeed! No; translate this."

I managed to get the sense of it after a fashion; but the professor only shook his head at each of my inquiring glances, and merely answered "No," with a sigh. At last, he closed his book with such nervous quickness that he pinched his own finger between the leaves. He jerked it out angrily, gave me a grammar ticket; and, flinging himself back in his chair, he continued to preserve the most malicious silence. I was on the point of answering; but the expression of his countenance fettered my tongue, and everything which I said appeared to me to be wrong.

"That's not it! that's not it! that's not it at all!" he suddenly broke out with his horrible pronunciation as he briskly changed his attitude, leaned his elbow on the table, and played with the gold ring which clung loosely to a thin finger of his left hand. "It's impossible, sir, to prepare for the higher educational institutions in this manner. All you want is to wear the uniform, with its blue collar; you brag of being first, and think that you can be students. No, gentlemen; you must be thoroughly grounded in your subjects;" and so forth.

During the whole of this speech, which was uttered in broken language, I gazed with keen attention at his eyes, which were fixed on the floor. At first, the disenchantment of not being third tortured me; then the fear of not getting through my examination at all; and, finally, a sense of injustice was added, of wounded vanity and un-

merited humiliation. Besides this, contempt for the professor because he was not, in my opinion, a man *comme il faut*—which I discerned by looking at his short, strong, round nails—influenced me still more, and rendered all these feelings poisonous. He glanced at me; and, perceiving my quivering lips and my eyes filled with tears, he must have construed my emotion into a prayer to increase my mark, and he said, as though compassionating me (and before another professor, too, who had come up)—

"Very good, sir. I will give you a very fine mark" (that meant two), "although you do not deserve it, out of regard for your youth, and in the hope that you will not be so light-minded in the university."

This last phrase, uttered in the presence of the strange professor, who looked at me as if to say, "There, you see, young man!" completed my confusion. For one moment, a mist veiled my eyes; the terrible professor, with his table, seemed to me to be sitting somewhere in the far distance, and the wild thought came into my mind, with a terrible one-sided distinctness: "And what if—what will come of this?" But I got rid of the idea, and I mechanically saluted the two professors with special courtesy, and left the table, smiling slightly, with much the same kind of smile that Ikonin had exhibited.

This injustice affected me so powerfully at the time, that, had I been master of my own actions, I should not have gone to any more examinations. I lost all ambition (it was impossible to think any longer of being number three), and I let the remaining examinations pass without any exertion, and even without emotion. My average, however, was somewhat over four, but this did not interest me in the least: I made up my mind, and proved it to myself very clearly, that it was bad form to try to be first, and that one ought to be neither too

good nor too bad, like Volodya. I meant to keep to this in the university, although in acting thus I was no longer in agreement with my friend.

I was already thinking of my uniform, my three-cornered hat, my own drozhky, my own room, and, most of all, of my freedom.

CHAPTER XIII

I AM GROWN UP

AND even these thoughts had their charm. On my return from the last examination in the Law of God, on the 8th of May, I found at the house an apprentice, whom I knew, of Rosanoff's the tailor, who had previously tried on my uniform coat of glossy black cloth, open at the throat, and had marked the facings with chalk, and who now brought the garment finished, with brilliant gilt buttons, enveloped in paper.

I put on this garment, and thought it very fine (although St. Jerôme declared that it wrinkled in the back), and went downstairs with a self-satisfied smile, which spread over my face quite involuntarily, to seek Volodya, conscious of the glances of the domestics, eagerly fixed on me from the ante-room and corridor, but pretending ignorance of them. Gavrílo, the butler, overtook me in the hall, congratulated me on my admission, handed over to me, by papa's orders, four 100-rouble notes, and also, by papa's direction, Kuzma the coachman, a prolyotka,* and the brown horse Beauty, to be at my exclusive disposal from that day forth. I was so rejoiced at this almost unlooked-for happiness, that I could not manage to appear indifferent before Gavrilo, and in some confusion I said with a sigh the first thing which came into my head, which was that Beauty was a very fine trotter! Glancing at the heads which

*A kind of drozhky.

were thrust out of the doors leading from the anteroom and corridor, I could no longer control myself; and I rushed through the hall at a trot, in my new coat with splendent gilt buttons. As I entered Volodya's room, I heard the voices of Dubkoff and Nekhliudoff, who had come to congratulate me, and to propose that we should go somewhere to dine and drink champagne, in honour of my admission. Dmitri told me that, although he did not care to drink champagne, he would go with us that day in order to drink with me on our beginning to call each other *thou*. Dubkoff declared that, for some reason, I resembled a colonel. Volodya did not congratulate me, and only said very dryly, that now we should be able to set out for the country on the next day but one. It seemed as though, while glad of my admission, it was rather disagreeable to him that I should now be as much grown up as he. St. Jerôme, who had also come to the house, said in a very haughty way that his duties were now at an end, and he did not know whether they had been fulfilled well or ill, but that he had done all he could, and he should go to his Count on the next day. In answer to all that was said to me, I felt a sweet, blissful, rather foolishly self-satisfied smile dawn upon my countenance against my will; and I perceived that this smile even communicated itself to all who talked with me.

And here I am, without a tutor; I have a drozhky of my own; my name is inscribed on the register of students; I have a dagger in my belt; the sentries might sometimes salute me. "I am grown up," and I think I am happy.

We decided to dine at Jahr's at five o'clock; but as Volodya went off with Dubkoff, and Dmitri also disappeared somewhere according to custom, saying that he had an affair to attend to before dinner, I could dispose of two hours as I pleased. I walked about through all the rooms for a long while, inspecting myself in all the mirrors, now with my

coat buttoned, again with it quite unbuttoned, then with only the upper button fastened; and every way seemed excellent to me. Then, ashamed as I was to exhibit too much joy, I could not refrain from going to the stable and coach-house, to inspect Beauty, Kuzma, and the drozhky; then I went back and began to wander through the rooms, looking in the mirrors, counting the money in my pocket, and smiling in the same blissful manner all the while. But an hour had not elapsed when I felt rather bored, or sorry that there was no one to see me in that dazzling state; and I craved movement and activity. As a consequence of this, I ordered the drozhky to be brought round, and decided that it would be better to go to the Kuznetzky* bridge, and make some purchases.

I recollected that when Volodya entered the university he had bought himself a lithograph of Victor Adam's horses, some tobacco, and a pipe; and it seemed to me that it was indispensable that I should do the same.

I drove to the Kuznetzky bridge, with glances turned on me from all sides, with the bright sunlight on my buttons, on the cockade in my hat, and on my dagger, and drew up near Datziaro's picture-shop. I looked around about on all sides, and entered. I did not want to buy Victor Adam's horses, lest I should be accused of aping Volodya; but hurrying to make my choice as quickly as possible, out of shame at the trouble to which I was putting the polite shopman, I took a female head painted in water-colours, which stood in the window, and paid twenty roubles for it. But after expending twenty roubles I felt rather conscience-stricken at having troubled the two handsomely dressed shopmen with such trifles, and yet it seemed as though they looked at me in altogether too negligent a way. Desirous of letting them understand who I was, I turned my attention to a

*The smiths' bridge.

small silver piece which lay beneath the glass, and, on being told that it was a pencil-holder worth eighteen roubles, I had it done up in paper, paid my money, and, learning also that good pipes and tobacco were to be had in the adjoining tobacco-shop, I bowed politely to the two shopmen, and stepped into the street with my picture under my arm. In the neighbouring shop, on whose sign was painted a negro smoking a cigar, I bought (also out of a desire not to imitate anyone) not Zhukoff, but Sultan tobacco, a Turkish pipe, and two tchibouks, one of linden, the other of rosewood. On emerging from the shop, on my way to my drozhky, I perceived Semenoff, who was walking along the footpath at a rapid pace, dressed in civil costume, and with his head bent down. I was vexed that he did not recognize me. I called to my driver in quite a loud tone, and, seating myself in the drozhky, soon overtook Semenoff.

"How do you do?" I said to him.

"My respects," he answered, pursuing his way.

"Why are you not in uniform?" I inquired.

Semenoff halted, screwed up his eyes, and showed his white teeth, as though it pained him to look at the sun, but in reality to express his indifference towards my drozhky and uniform, gazed at me in silence, and walked on.

From the Kuznetzky bridge I drove to the confectioner's shop on the Tversky; and though I tried to pretend that the newspapers in the shop interested me principally, I could not restrain myself, and I began to devour one sweet tart after another. Although I was ashamed before the gentlemen who gazed at me with curiosity from behind their papers, I ate eight patties, of all the sorts that were in the shop, with great rapidity.

On arriving at home, I felt a little heart burn, but paying no attention to it I busied myself with examining my purchases. The picture so displeased me, that I not only did not have it framed,

and hang it in my room, as Volodya had done, but I even hid it in a drawer where no one could see it. The porte-crayon did not please me, now that I had got it home, either. I laid it on the table, comforting myself with the thought that the thing was made of silver, expensive, and extremely useful to a student.

But I resolved to put my smoking utensils into immediate use, and try them.

Having unsealed a quarter-of-a-pound package, and carefully filled my Turkish pipe with the reddish-yellow, fine-cut Sultan tobacco, I laid a burning coal upon it, and taking one of my pipe-stems between my middle and third fingers (the position of the hand pleased me extremely), I began to smoke.

The odour of the tobacco was very agreeable, yet my mouth tasted bitter, and my breathing was interrupted. But I took courage and drew in the smoke for a long time, then tried to puff it out in rings, and discharge it through my nose. The whole room was soon filled with clouds of bluish smoke; the pipe began to bubble, the hot tobacco to leap; I felt a bitterness in my mouth, and a slight swimming in my head; I tried to rise, and look at myself in the glass with my pipe; when, to my amazement, I began to stagger, the room whirled round, and as I glanced in the mirror, which I had reached with difficulty, I saw that my face was as pale as a sheet. I barely succeeded in dropping upon a divan, when I was sensible of such illness and feebleness, that, fancying the pipe had been fatal to me, I thought that I was dying. I was seriously alarmed, and wanted to summon assistance, and send for the doctor.

But this terror did not last long. I quickly understood where the trouble was; and I lay for a long time on the lounge, weak, with a frightful pain in my head, gazing with dull attention at Bostandzhoglo's arms delineated upon the quarter-

pound package, on the pipe and smoking utensils, and the remains of the confectioner's patties rolling on the floor, and thought sadly in my disenchantment, "I surely am not grown up yet, if I cannot smoke like other people; and it is plain that it is not my fate to hold my pipe, like others, between my middle and my third fingers, to swallow my smoke, and puff it out through my blonde moustache."

When Dmitri came to me at five o'clock, he found me in this unpleasant condition. But after I had drunk a glass of water I was nearly well again, and ready to go with him.

"What made you want to smoke?" he said, as he gazed upon the traces of my smoking: "it's all nonsense, and a useless waste of money. I have promised myself that I will never smoke. However, let's set out as quickly as possible, for we must go after Dubkoff."

CHAPTER XIV

HOW VOLODYA AND DUBKOFF OCCUPIED THEMSELVES.

AS soon as Dmitri entered the room, I knew by his face, his walk, and by a gesture which was peculiar to him when in a bad humour—a winking of the eyes and a grotesque way of drawing his head down on one side—that he was in the coldly rigid frame of mind which came over him when he was displeased with himself, and which always produced a chilling effect upon my feeling for him. I had lately begun to notice and judge my friend's character, but our friendship had suffered no change in consequence; it was still so youthful and so strong, that, from whatever point of view I looked at Dmitri, I could not but perceive his perfection. There were two separate men in him, both of whom were very fine in my eyes. One, whom I warmly loved, was courteous, good, gentle, merry, and with a consciousness of these amiable qualities: when he was in this mood, his whole appearance, the sound of his voice, his every movement, seemed to say, "I am gentle and virtuous; I enjoy being gentle and virtuous, as you can all of you perceive." The other—I have only now begun to comprehend him and to bow before his grandeur—was cold, stern towards himself and others, proud, religious to fanaticism, and pedantically moral. At the present moment, he was that second man.

With the frankness which constituted the indispensable condition of our relations, I told

him, when we were seated in the drozhky, that it pained me and made me sad to see him in such a heavy disagreeable frame of mind towards me on the day which was such a happy one to me.

"Surely something has disturbed you: why will you not tell me?" I asked.

"Nikolinka!" he replied deliberately, turning his head nervously to one side, and screwing up his eyes: "since I have given my word not to hide anything from you, you have no cause to suspect me of secrecy. It is impossible to be always in the same mood; and if anything has disturbed me, I cannot even give an account of it to myself."

"What a wonderfully frank, honourable character!" I thought, and I said no more to him.

We drove to Dubkoff's in silence. Dubkoff's quarters were remarkably handsome, or seemed so to me then. There were rugs, pictures, curtains, coloured hangings, portraits, curving arm-chairs everywhere: on the walls hung guns, pistols, tobacco-pouches, and some heads of wild animals in cardboard. At the sight of this study, I saw whom Volodya had been imitating in the adornment of his own chamber. We found Volodya and Dubkoff playing cards. A gentleman who was a stranger to me (and who must have been of little importance, judging from his humble attitude) was sitting at the table, and watching the game with great attention. Dubkoff had on a silk dressing-gown and soft shoes. Volodya in his shirt-sleeves was sitting opposite him on the sofa; and judging from his flushed face, and the dissatisfied, fleeting glance which he tore away from the cards for a moment to cast at us, he was very much absorbed in the game. On catching sight of me, he turned still redder.

"Come, it's your turn to deal," he said to Dubkoff. I comprehended that it displeased him to have me know that he played cards. But there was no confusion discernible in his glance, which

seemed to me to say, "Yes, I'm playing, and you are only surprised at it because you are young yet. It is not only not bad, but even necessary, at our age."

I immediately felt and understood this.

Dubkoff did not deal the cards, however, but rose, shook hands with us, gave us seats, and offered us pipes, which we declined.

"So this is our diplomat, the hero of the festival," said Dubkoff. "By heavens, he's awfully like the colonel."

"Hm!" I growled, as I felt that foolishly self-gratified smile spreading over my face.

I respected Dubkoff as only a boy of sixteen can respect an adjutant of twenty-seven whom all the grown-up people declare to be a very fine young man, who dances beautifully, and talks French, and who, while he in his soul despises my youth, evidently strives to conceal the fact.

But in spite of all my respect for him, I had always, Heaven knows why, during the whole period of our acquaintance, found it difficult and awkward to look him in the eye. And I have since observed that there are three classes of people whom it is difficult for me to look in the eye—those who are much worse than myself; those who are much better than myself; and those to whom I can never make up my mind to mention things that we both know, and who will not mention them to me. Possibly Dubkoff was better than I, perhaps he was worse: but one thing was certain, that he often lied, but without confessing it; that I detected this weakness in him, of course, but could not bring myself to speak of it.

"Let's play one more game," said Volodya, twisting his shoulders like papa, and shuffling the cards.

"How persistent he is!" said Dubkoff. "We'll play it out later. Well, then, one. Hand them here."

While they played, I watched their hands. Volodya had a large, handsome hand. He separated his thumb and bent the other fingers out when he held his cards, and it was so much like papa's hand that at one time it really seemed to me that Volodya held his hands so on purpose, in order to resemble a grown-up person; but, when I glanced at his face, it became immediately evident that he was thinking of nothing except his game. Dubkoff's hands, on the contrary, were small, plump, bent inwards, and had extremely soft and skilful fingers; just the kind of hands, in fact, which suit rings, and which belong to people who are inclined to manual labour, and are fond of having fine things.

Volodya must have lost; for the gentleman who looked over his cards remarked that Vladimir Petrovitch had frightfully bad luck; Dubkoff took out his note-book and wrote something down in it, and said, as he showed what he had written to Volodya, "Is that right?"

"Yes," said Volodya, glancing at the note-book with feigned abstraction. "Now let's go."

Volodya drove Dubkoff, and Dmitri took me in his phaeton.

"What were they playing?" I inquired of Dmitri.

"Piquet. It's a stupid game, and gambling is a stupid thing, any way."

"Do they play for large sums?"

"Not very; but it's not right, all the same."

"And do you not play?"

"No; I have given my word not to; but Dubkoff can't do otherwise than win," he added, as if speaking to himself.

"But that surely is not right on his part," said I. "Volodya must play worse than he."

"Of course it's not right; but there's nothing particularly wicked about it. Dubkoff is fond of play, but still he's an excellent fellow."

"But I had no idea"— said I.

"You must not think any ill of him, because he really is a very fine man; and I am very fond of him, and shall always love him in spite of his weaknesses."

It seemed to me, for some reason, that, just because Dmitri stood up for Dubkoff with too much warmth, he no longer loved or respected him, but that he would not confess it, out of obstinacy, and in order that no one might reproach him with fickleness. He was one of those people who love their friends for life, not so much because their friends always remain amiable towards them, as because, having once taken a liking to a man, even by mistake, they consider it dishonourable to cease to like him.

CHAPTER XV

I RECEIVE CONGRATULATIONS

DUBKOFF and Volodya knew all the people at Jahr's by name; and everyone, from porter to proprietor, showed them the greatest respect. We were immediately conducted to a private room, and served with a wonderful dinner, selected by Dubkoff from the French bill of fare. A bottle of iced champagne, which I endeavoured to survey with as much indifference as possible, was already prepared. The dinner passed off very agreeably and merrily, although Dubkoff, as was his custom, related the strangest occurrences as though they were true—among others, how his grandmother had shot three robbers, who had attacked her, with a blunderbuss (whereupon I blushed, dropped my eyes, and turned away from him)—and although Volodya was visibly frightened every time that I undertook to say anything (which was quite superfluous; for I did not say anything particularly disgraceful, so far as I can remember). When the champagne was served, they all congratulated me, and after I had had glasses with Dubkoff and Dmitri, I exchanged kisses with them. As I did not know to whom the bottle of champagne belonged (it was in common, as they afterwards explained to me), and I wanted to entertain my friends with my own money, which I was incessantly handling in my pocket, I quietly got hold of a ten-rouble note; and, summoning the waiter, I gave him the money, and told him in a whisper, but in such a

manner that they all heard it, to *please to bring another small bottle of champagne.* Volodya turned red, writhed, and looked at me and the rest in affright; but the bottle was brought, and we drank it with the greatest satisfaction. Things continued to go merrily. Dubkoff lied without intermission and Volodya, too, told such funny stories, and told them better than I had ever expected of him; and we laughed a great deal. The character of their wit—that is, Dubkoff's and Volodya's—consisted in mimicry, and exaggeration of the well-known anecdote; "Well, have you been abroad?" says one. "No, I have not," replies the other, "but my brother plays on the violin." They had attained such perfection in this sort of comic nonsense, that they even related that anecdote thus: "My brother never played on the violin either." They replied to every one of each other's questions in this style; and sometimes they tried, without questions, to join two utterly incongruous things—talking this nonsense with sober faces—and it proved extremely laughable. I began to understand the point, and I also tried to tell something funny; but they all looked frightened, or tried not to look at me while I was speaking, and the anecdote was not a success. Dubkoff said, "The diplomat has begun to lie, brother;" but I felt so well after the champagne I had drunk, and in the company of these grown-up people, that this remark hardly wounded me at all. Dmitri alone, though he had drunk evenly with us, continued in his stern, serious mood, which put some restraint upon the general merriment.

"Now listen, gentlemen!" said Dubkoff. "After dinner, the diplomat must be taken in hand. Shall we not go to our *aunt's?* We'll soon settle him there."

"Nekhliudoff won't go," said Volodya.

"The intolerable goody! You're an intolerable goody," said Dubkoff, turning to him. "Come with

us, and you'll see what a charming lady auntie is."

"I not only will not go, but I won't let him," answered Dmitri, turning red.

"Who? the diplomat?—Do you want to go, diplomat? Look, he beamed all over as soon as we mentioned auntie."

"I don't mean that I won't let him," continued Dmitri, rising from his seat, and beginning to pace the room, without looking at me, "but I do not advise him, nor wish him to go. He is no longer a child, and if he wishes he can go alone without you. But you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Dubkoff; what you are doing is not right, and you want others to do like you."

"What's the harm," said Dubkoff, winking at Volodya, "if I invite you all to my aunt's for a cup of tea? Well, if it's not agreeable to you to go with us, then Volodya and I will go.—Are you coming, Volodya?"

"Hm, hm!" said Volodya, affirmatively. "We'll go there, and then we'll return to my rooms, and go on with our piquet."

"Well, do you want to go with them, or not?" said Dmitri, coming up to me.

"No," I answered, moving along on the sofa to make room for him beside me; "if you do not advise it, I will not go, on any account."

"No," I added afterwards; "I do not speak the truth when I say that I do not want to go with them; but I am glad that I am not going."

"Excellent," said he: "live according to your own ideas, and don't dance to anyone's pipe; that's the best way of all."

This little dispute not only did not disturb our pleasure, but even heightened it. Dmitri all at once came into the gentle mood which I loved so well. Such an influence, as I afterwards more than once observed, did the consciousness of a good deed have upon him. He was pleased with himself now for having deterred me from going. He grew

very merry, ordered another bottle of champagne (which was against his rules), called a strange gentleman into the room, and began to give him wine, sang *Gaudeamus igitur*, requested that all should join in, and proposed to ride to the Sokolinki, whereupon Dubkoff remarked that it was too sentimental.

"Let's be jolly to-day," said Dmitri, smiling: "in honour of his admission to the university, I intend getting drunk for the first time: so be it." This gaiety sat rather strangely on Dmitri. He resembled a tutor or a kind father who is satisfied with his children, and wishes to please them, and at the same time to show that he can be gay in an honourable and respectable fashion; nevertheless, this unexpected mirth seemed to act infectiously upon us, the more so as each of us had drunk about half a bottle of champagne.

It was in this agreeable frame of mind, that I stepped out into the public apartment to smoke a cigarette which Dubkoff had given me.

When I rose from my seat, I perceived that my head was a little unsteady, and that my feet and hands only remained in a natural condition when I fixed my attention firmly upon them. Otherwise my feet moved right and left, and my hands executed various gestures. I fixed my whole attention upon these limbs, ordered my hands to rise, and button my coat, and smooth my hair (in the course of which, my elbows jerked themselves up fearfully high), and my feet to carry me to the door; which command they complied with, but set themselves down either too hard or too gently, and the left foot in particular stood constantly on one toe. Some voice or other shouted to me, "Where are you going? They are bringing lights." I guessed that the voice belonged to Volodya, and the thought that I had guessed it afforded me satisfaction; but I only smiled in answer, and went my way.

CHAPTER XVI

THE QUARREL

IN the public room, behind a little table, sat a short, stout gentleman, in plain clothes, with a red moustache, engaged in eating. Beside him, sat a tall, dark-complexioned man, without a moustache. They were conversing in French. Their glances confused me, but I made up my mind to light my cigarette at the candle which stood before them. Glancing aside, in order that I might not encounter their gaze, I marched up to the table, and began to light my cigarette. When the cigarette had caught the flame, I could not resist, and glanced at the gentleman who was dining. His grey eyes were fixed intently and disapprovingly upon me. As I was about to turn away, his red moustache moved, and he said in French, "I don't like to have people smoke while I am dining, my dear sir."

"Yes, sir, I don't like it," resumed the gentleman with the moustache sternly, with a quick glance at the gentleman who had no moustache, as if inviting him to admire the manner in which he was about to settle me—"I don't like people who are impolite, my dear sir, who come and smoke under one's nose; I don't like them." I immediately saw that the gentleman was scolding me, and it seemed to me at first that I was very much in the wrong, with regard to him.

"I did not think that it would disturb you," said I.

"Ah, you did not think you were ill-bred, but I did!" shouted the gentleman.

"What right have you to yell?" said I, feeling that he was insulting me, and beginning to get angry myself.

"This right, that I never permit anyone to be insolent to me; and I shall always give such young fellows as you a lesson. What's your surname, sir? and where do you live?"

I was extremely angry, my lips quivered, and my breath came in gasps. But I felt that I was in the wrong, nevertheless, and it must have been because I had drunk so much champagne; and I did not say anything insulting to the gentleman, but on the contrary my lips uttered my name and our address in the most submissive manner possible.

"My name is Kolpikoff, my dear sir, and see that you are more courteous in future. You shall hear from me," he concluded, the whole conversation having taken place in French.

I only said, "I am very glad to make your acquaintance," endeavouring to render my voice as firm as posible, turned away, and went back to our room with my cigarette, which had contrived to go out.

I did not mention what had occurred to my brother, nor to my friend, particularly as they were engaged in a hot dispute, but seated myself alone in a corner to reflect upon this strange circumstance. The words, "You are ill-bred, sir," as they rang in my ears, troubled me more and more. My intoxication had completely passed away. When I reflected on my behaviour in the matter, the strange thought all at once occurred to me that I had behaved like a coward. "What right had he to attack me? Why didn't he say simply that it disturbed him? He must have been in the wrong. Why, when he told me that I was ill-bred, did I not say to him, 'He is ill-bred, sir.

who employs impertinent language;' or why did I not simply shout at him, '*Silence!*' that would have been capital. Why did I not challenge him to a duel? No, I did none of these things, but swallowed the insult like a vile coward." "You are ill-bred, sir," rang in my ears incessantly in an exasperating way. "No, this cannot be left in this state," I thought, and I rose with the fixed intention of going back to the gentleman, and saying something dreadful to him, and, possibly, of striking him over the head with the candlestick if it should seem suitable. I reflected upon this last intention with the greatest delight, but it was not without great terror that I entered the public room again. Fortunately, Gospodin (Mr.) Kolpikoff was no longer there; there was but one waiter in the room, and he was clearing the table. I wanted to tell the waiter what had happened, and to explain to him that I was not at all to blame; but I changed my mind for some reason or other, and returned again to our own room in the most gloomy frame of mind.

"What's the matter with our diplomat?" said Dubkoff, "he's probably deciding the fate of Europe now."

"Oh, let me alone," I said crossly, as I turned away. Then, as I wandered about the room, I began to think, for some reason, that Dubkoff was not a nice man at all. And as for his eternal jests, and the nickname of "diplomat," there was nothing amiable about them. All he was good for was to win money from Volodya, and to go to some aunt or other. And there was nothing pleasing about him. Everything he said was false or absurd, and he always wanted to be laughing. It seemed to me that he was simply stupid, and a bad man to boot. In such reflections as these I spent five minutes, feeling more and more inimical towards Dubkoff. But Dubkoff paid no attention to me, and this enraged me still more. I even got angry with

Volodya and Dmitri because they talked to him.

"Do you know what, gentlemen? we must pour some water over the diplomat," said Dubkoff suddenly, glancing at me with what seemed to me to be a mocking, and even treacherous, smile: "he's in a bad way. By heavens, but he's in a state!"

"You need to be ducked, you're in a bad way yourself," I retorted with an angry smile, even forgetting that I had usually addressed him as *thou*.

This answer must have amazed Dubkoff; but he turned away from me indifferently, and continued his conversation with Volodya and Dmitri.

I would have tried to join in the conversation, but I felt I certainly should not be able to dissemble, and I again retreated to my corner, where I remained until our departure.

When we had paid the bill, and were putting on our overcoats, Dubkoff said to Dmitri, "Well, where are Orestes and Pylades going? Home, probably, to converse of *love*. We'll find out about the same thing from our dear auntie: it's better than your sour friendship."

"How dare you talk so, and ridicule us?" I said, suddenly, marching up to him and gesticulating. "How dare you laugh at feelings that you don't understand? I won't permit it. Silence!" I shouted, and became silent myself, not knowing what to say, and panting with agitation. Dubkoff was amazed at first; then he tried to smile, and took it as a joke; but finally, to my extreme surprise, he became serious, and lowered his eyes.

"I am not ridiculing you and your feelings in the least: it's only my way of talking," he said evasively.

"So that's it," I shouted; but at the same time I was ashamed of myself, and sorry for Dubkoff, whose handsome, troubled face betrayed genuine suffering.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Volodya

and Dmitri together. "Nobody meant to insult you."

"Yes, he did mean to insult me."

"That brother of yours is a saucy gentleman," said Dubkoff, just as he went out of the door, so that he could not hear what I might say.

Possibly, I might have rushed after him, and uttered some more impertinent speeches; but, just at the moment, the same waiter who had been present at my affair with Kolpikoff handed me my coat, and I immediately calmed down, feigning only so much anger in Dmitri's presence as was indispensable, in order that my instantaneous tranquillity might not seem queer. The next day, Dubkoff and I met in Volodya's room. We did not allude to this affair, and continued to address each other as "*you*;" and it was more difficult than ever for us to look each other in the eye.

The memory of my quarrel with Kolpikoff, who neither on that day nor ever afterwards let me "hear from him," was frightfully oppressive and vivid for many years. I writhed and screamed, full five years later, every time that I recalled that unatoned insult; and comforted myself by remembering, with self-satisfaction, how manly I had afterwards been in my affair with Dubkoff. It was only very much later that I began to regard the matter in quite a different light, and to recall my quarrel with Kolpikoff with comical satisfaction, and to repent of the undeserved wound which I had dealt to that *good little fellow*, Dubkoff.

When I related to Dmitri that same day my encounter with Kolpikoff, whose appearance I described to him minutely, he was very much surprised.

"Yes, it's the very same fellow," said he. "Just imagine! that Kolpikoff is a well-known scamp, a card-sharper, but, most of all, a coward, who was driven out of the regiment by his comrades because he had received a box on the ear, and would not

fight. Where did he get his valour?" he added, with a kindly smile, as he glanced at me. "So he didn't say anything more than 'ill-bred'?"

"No," I replied, reddening.

"It's bad; but there's no harm done yet," Dmitri said, to console me.

It was only when I thought this affair over quietly, long afterwards, that I arrived at the tolerably probable inference that Kolpikoff, feeling, after the lapse of many years, that he could attack me, had taken his revenge on me, in the presence of the beardless, dark-complexioned man, for the box on the ear which he had once received, just as I immediately revenged myself for his expression "ill-bred" on the innocent Dubkoff.

CHAPTER XVII

I MAKE PREPARATIONS TO PAY SOME CALLS

MY first thought, on waking the next day, was my adventure with Kolpikoff. Again I roared and ran about the room, but there was nothing to be done: besides, this was the last day I was to spend in Moscow; and, by papa's orders, I was to make some calls which he had himself noted down for me. The solicitude papa showed was not so much on the point of morals and learning as on that of worldly connections. On the paper was written in his rapid, pointed hand: "(1) To Prince Ivan Ivanitch *without fail*; (2) to the Ivins *without fail*; (3) to Prince Mikhailo; (4) to Princess Nekhliudoff and Madame Valakhina if possible;" and, of course, to the curator, the rector, and the professors.

Dmitri dissuaded me from paying these last calls, saying that not only were they unnecessary, but would even be improper; but all the rest must be made to-day. Of these, the two first calls, against which *without fail* was written, frightened me particularly. Prince Ivan Ivanitch was general-in-chief, an old man, wealthy and living by himself; so that as a matter of course, I, a young student of sixteen, must have the greatest possible desire to cultivate his good graces. The Ivins also were wealthy, and their father was an important civil official, who had only been to our home once, in grandmamma's day. After grandmamma's death, I observed that the youngest Ivin avoided

us, and seemed to put on airs. The eldest, as I knew by report, had already completed his course in law, and was serving in Petersburg; the second (Sergiei), whom I had once adored, was also in Petersburg—a big, fat cadet in the Pages' Corps. In my youth, I not only did not like to associate with people who considered themselves above me, but such intercourse was intolerably painful, in consequence of a constant fear of insult, and the straining of all my mental faculties to the end of exhibiting my independence. But, as I was not going to obey papa's last orders, I must smooth matters over by complying with the first. I paced my chamber, glancing at my clothes, which were spread out upon the chairs, at my dagger and hat, and was already preparing to go, when old Grap came with his congratulations, bringing Ilinka with him. Father Grap was a Russianized German, intolerably mawkish and flattering, and very often intoxicated. He generally came to us simply for the purpose of asking for something; and papa sometimes allowed him to sit down in his study, but never to dine with us. His humility and persistent begging were so intermingled with a certain superficial good-nature and familiarity with our house, that everybody reckoned it as a sort of merit in him that he should be so attached to all of us; but, for some reason, I never liked him, and, when he spoke, I always felt ashamed for him.

I was very much displeased at the arrival of these guests, and I made no effort to conceal my displeasure. I had become so accustomed to look down upon Ilinka, and was so used to consider that I was perfectly in the right in so doing, that it was rather disagreeable for me to see him a student like myself. It struck me, too, that he was rather abashed, in my presence, by this equality. I greeted them coldly, and I did not ask them to sit down, because I was ashamed to

do so, thinking that they might do it without my invitation; and I ordered my carriage to be got ready. Ilinka was a kind, very honourable, and very clever young man, but he was still what is called a man of caprice. Some extreme mood was always coming over him, and, as it appeared, without any reason whatever: now it was a weeping mood, then an inclination to laugh, then to take offence at every trifle. And now, it seemed, he was in this last frame of mind. He said nothing, glanced angrily at me and his father; and only when he was addressed did he smile, with the submissive, constrained smile, under which he was already accustomed to hide his feelings, and especially the feeling of shame for his father, which he could not help feeling in our presence.

"So, sir, Nikolai Petrovitch," said the old man, following me about the room while I dressed, and turning the silver snuff-box, which grandmamma had given him, slowly and respectfully between his fat fingers; "as soon as I learned from my son that you had deigned to pass an excellent examination—for your cleverness is known to all—I immediately hastened hither to congratulate you, batiuschka; why, I have carried you on my shoulder, and God sees that I love you all like relatives; and my Ilinka is always begging to be allowed to come to you. He, too, has already become accustomed to you."

Meantime, Ilinka sat in silence, by the window, apparently gazing at my three-cornered hat, and muttering something angrily, and almost inaudibly.

"Now, I wanted to ask you, Nikolai Petrovitch," continued the old man, "did my Ilinka pass a good examination? He said he should be with you, and you would not leave him; you would look after him, and advise him."

"Why, he passed a very fine one," I replied, glancing at Ilinka, who, feeling my glance, blushed and stopped moving his lips.

"And can he pass the day with you?" said the old man, with a timid smile, as though he were very much afraid of me, and always standing so close to me, whenever I halted, that the odour of wine and tobacco, in which he was steeped, did not cease for a single second to be perceptible to me. I was provoked at him for having placed me in such a false position towards his son, and because he had diverted my attention from the important occupation on which, at that moment, I was engaged, namely, dressing; but more than anything, that ever-present odour of strong brandy so distracted me, that I replied, very coldly, that I could not remain with Ilinka, as I should not be at home all day.

"You wanted to go to your sister, batiuschka," said Ilinka, smiling, but not looking at me; "and I have something to do besides." I was still more vexed and mortified, and, in order to smooth over my refusal I hastened to impart the information that I should not be at home because I must call on *Prince* Ivan Ivanitch, and *Princess* Kornakova, and Ivin—the one who held such an important post—and that I should probably dine with *Princess* Nekhliudova. It seemed to me that when they learned to what distinguished houses I was going, they could make no more claims upon me. When they prepared to depart, I invited Ilinka to come again; but Ilinka only muttered something, and smiled with a constrained expression. It was evident that his feet would never cross my threshold more.

After their departure, I set out on my visits. Volodya, whom I had that morning invited to accompany me, in order that it might not be as awkward as if I were alone, had refused, under the pretext that it would be too sentimental for two *brothers* to ride together in one *carriage*.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE VALAKHINS

SO I set out alone. My first visit, in point of locality, was to the Valakhins, in the Sivtzavoi Vrazhok. I had not seen Sonitchka for three years, and, of course, my love for her had vanished long ago; but a lively and touching memory of that past childish love still lingered in my soul. It had happened to me, in the course of those three years, to recall her with such force and clearness, that I shed tears, and felt myself in love again; but this only lasted a few minutes, and did not speedily return.

I knew that Sonitchka had been abroad with her mother, where they had remained for two years, and where, it was said, they had been upset in a diligence, and Sonitchka's face had been badly cut with the glass, so that she had lost her good looks, to a great extent. On my way thither, I vividly recalled the former Sonitchka, and thought of how I should find her now. In consequence of her two years' stay abroad I fancied her extremely tall, with a very fine figure, serious and dignified, but remarkably attractive. My imagination refused to present her with a face disfigured with scars: on the contrary, having heard somewhere of a passionate lover who remained faithful to the beloved object, in spite of disfigurement by smallpox, I tried to think that I was in love with Sonitchka, in order that I might have the merit of remaining true to her in spite of her scars. On the whole,

when I drove up to the Valakhins' house I was not in love, but having set old memories of love in motion, I was well prepared to fall in love, and was very desirous to do so; the more so as I had long felt ashamed when I looked at all my enamoured friends, because I had left their ranks.

The Valakhins lived in a neat little wooden house, the entrance to which was from the court-yard. The door was opened to me at the sound of the bell, which was then a great rarity in Moscow, by a very small and neatly dressed boy. He either did not understand me, or did not want to tell me if the family were at home; and leaving me in the dark vestibule, he ran into the still darker corridor.

I remained alone for a short time in that dark hall, in which there was one closed door, besides the one leading to the corridor; and I wondered partly at the gloomy character of the house, and in part supposed that it must be so with people who had been abroad. After the lapse of five minutes the door to the hall was opened from the inside by the same boy, and he led me to the neatly but not richly furnished drawing-room, into which Sonitchka followed me.

She was seventeen. She was very short in stature, very thin, and her complexion was yellowish and sickly-looking. There were no scars visible on her face; bur her charming, prominent eyes, and her bright, good-natured, merry smile were the same which I had known and loved in my childhood. I had not expected to find her like this at all, and therefore I could not at once pour out upon her the feeling which I had prepared on the way. She gave me her hand in the English fashion, which was then as much of a rarity as the bell, shook my hand frankly, and seated me beside her on the sofa.

"Ah, how glad I am to see you, my dear Nicolas!" she said, gazing into my face with the

same genuine expression of pleasure which her words implied. The "my dear Nicolas," I observed, was uttered in a friendly, not in a patronizing, tone. To my amazement, she was more simple, sweet, and natural in her manner after her trip abroad than before. I observed two little scars near her nose, and on her forehead; but her wonderful eyes and smile were perfectly true to my recollections, and shone in the old way.

"How you have changed!" said she: "you have quite grown up. Well, and I—what do you think of me?"

"Ah, I should not have known you," I answered, although at that very time I was thinking that I should have known her anywhere. I again felt myself in that care-free, merry mood in which, five years before, I had danced the "grandfather" with her at grandmamma's ball.

"What, have I grown very ugly?" she asked, shaking her head.

"No, not at all; you have grown taller, you are older," I made haste to reply: "but on the contrary—and even"—

"Well, no matter: I remember our dances, our games, St. Jerôme, Madame Dorat." (I did not recollect any Madame Dorat: she was evidently carried away by the enjoyment of her childish memories, and was confounding them.) "Ah, that was a famous time!" she continued; and the same smile, even more beautiful than the one I bore in my memory, and the very same eyes, gleamed before me. While she was speaking, I had succeeded in realizing the situation in which I found myself at the present moment, and I decided that at the present moment I was in love. As soon as I had made up my mind to this, that instant my happy, careless mood vanished, a dark cloud enveloped everything before me—even her eyes and smile—I became ashamed of something, I turned red, and lost all power to speak.

"Times are different now," she went on with a sigh, elevating her brows slightly: "everything is more serious and we are serious ourselves; are we not, Nicolas?"

I could not answer, and gazed at her in silence.

"Where are all the Ivins and Kornakoffs of those days? Do you remember?" she continued, looking at my red and frightened face with some curiosity: "that was a famous time!"

And still I could not reply.

The entrance of the elder Valakhina relieved me of this uncomfortable situation for a time. I rose, bowed, and recovered my power of speech; but in turn, a strange change came over Sonitchka with her mother's entrance. All her gaiety and naturalness suddenly disappeared, her very smile was different; and all at once, with the exception of being rather taller, she became exactly the young lady returned from abroad which I had imagined her to be. It seemed as though there was no reason for this change, since her mother smiled just as pleasantly, and all her movements expressed as much gentleness, as of old. The Valakhina* seated herself in a large arm-chair, and indicated to me a place near her. She said something to her daughter in English, and Sonitchka immediately left the room, which afforded me some relief. The Valakhina inquired after my relatives, my brother, and my father, and then spoke to me of her own sorrow—the loss of her husband—and finally, feeling that there was nothing to say to me, she looked at me in silence, as if to say, "If you will rise now, and make your bow, and go away, you will be doing very well, my dear fellow." But a strange thing happened to me. Sonitchka had returned with her work, and seated herself

*A lady's surname is not infrequently used thus, without prefix. The feminine form has been used throughout, in preference to the masculine form with the prefix of "Madame" (as Mme. Valakhin, Kornakoff, etc.), for the sake of illustrating this point.—TR.

in the corner of the room, so that I felt her glance fixed upon me. While the Valakhina was relating the loss of her husband, I once more remembered that I was in love, and thought that perhaps the mother guessed it ; and I had another fit of shyness of such power that I did not find myself in a condition to move even a single limb in a natural manner. I knew that in order to rise and take my departure, I should be obliged to think where to set my foot, what to do with my head, what with my hand : in one word, I felt almost exactly as I had felt the evening before after drinking half a bottle of champagne. I had a presentiment that I could not get through with all this, and therefore *could not* rise ; and I actually *could not.* The Valakhina was probably surprised when she beheld my face, as red as cloth, and my utter immovability ; but I decided that it was better to sit still in that stupid attitude than to risk rising in an awkward manner, and taking my departure. I sat thus for quite a long time, expecting that some unforeseen circumstance would rescue me from this position. This circumstance presented itself in the person of an insignificant young man, who entered the room with the air of a member of the family, and bowed courteously to me. The Valakhina rose, excusing herself on the ground that it was necessary for her to speak with her business manager, and looked at me with an expression of surprise which said, " If you want to sit there for ever, I will not drive you out." I made a tremendous effort, and rose, but was no longer in a condition to make a bow ; and as I went out, accompanied by the compassionate glances of mother and daughter, I knocked against a chair which did not stand in my way at all ; I only ran against it because my whole attention was directed upon not stumbling over the carpet which was under my feet. But once in the open air—where I writhed and growled

so loudly that even Kuzma inquired several times, "What is your wish?"—this feeling disappeared; and I began to meditate quite calmly upon my love for Sonitchka, and her relations with her mother, which struck me as singular. When I afterward communicated my observations to my father—that Mme. Valakhina and her daughter were not on good terms—he said:

"Yes, she torments her, poor thing, with her strange miserliness; and it's odd enough," he added, with a stronger feeling than he could have for a mere relative. "How charming she was, the dear, queer woman! I cannot understand why she is so changed. You did not see any secretary there, did you? What a singular fashion it is for Russian ladies to have secretaries!" he said angrily, walking away from me.

"I did see him," replied I.

"Well, he is good-looking at least?"

"No, he is not at all good-looking."

"It's incomprehensible," said papa, and he shrugged his shoulders angrily and coughed.

"Here I am in love, too," I thought as I rode on in my drozhky.

CHAPTER XIX

THE KORNAKOFS

THE second call that I made was on the Kornakoffs. They lived on the first floor of a large house on the Arbata. The staircase was very showy and clean, but not luxurious. Everywhere there was striped carpet fastened on to the stairs by rods of polished brass; but there were neither flowers nor mirrors. The hall, over whose brightly polished floor I passed to reach the drawing-room, was also forbidding, cold, and neatly arranged; everything shone, and seemed durable, although not at all new; but neither pictures, curtains, nor any other species of adornment were anywhere visible. Several Princesses were in the drawing-room. They were sitting in such a precise and motionless attitude that it was immediately perceptible they did not sit in this fashion when guests were not present.

"Mamma will be here immediately," said the eldest of them to me, as she seated herself nearer me. For a quarter of an hour, this Princess engaged me in a very easy conversation, and she did it so skilfully that the conversation never languished for a moment. But it was too evident that she was entertaining me, and therefore she did not please me. Among other things, she told me that her brother Stepan, whom they called *Etienne*, and who had been sent to the Junkers' School, had already been promoted to be an officer. When she spoke of her brother, and

especially when she mentioned that he had entered the hussars against his mother's wish, she put on a frightened look ; and all the Princesses, who sat there in silence, put on the same frightened faces. When she spoke of grandmamma's death, she put on a sorrowful look, and all the younger Princesses did the same. When she recalled how I had struck St. Jerôme, and how I had been led off, she laughed, and showed her bad teeth ; and all the Princesses laughed, and showed their bad teeth.

The Princess entered. She was the same little dried-up woman, with restless eyes, and a habit of looking at other people while talking with one. She took me by the hand, and raised her hand to my lips, in order that I might kiss it ; which I should not otherwise have done, not supposing that it was indispensable.

" How glad I am to see you ! " she said, with her usual eloquence, glancing at her daughters. " Ah, how like his mamma he is ! Is he not, Lise ? "

Lise said that it was so ; though I know, for a fact, that I possessed not the slightest resemblance to mamma.

" And how tall you have grown ! And my Etienne you remember, he is your second cousin —no, not your second ; but how is it, Lise ? My mother was Varvara Dmitrievna, daughter of Dmitri Nikolaevitch, and your grandmother was Natalya Nikolaevitch."

" Then he is our cousin german, mamma," said the eldest Princess.

" Oh, you are mixing things all up," cried the Princess angrily " It's not cousin german at all, but second cousin—children of cousins ; that's what you and my dear little Etienne are. He's an officer already : did you know it ? But it's not well in one respect : he has too much liberty. You young people must be kept in hand ; that's how it is ! You will not be angry with me, vour

old aunt, if I tell you the truth? I brought up Etienne strictly, and I think that's the proper way to do.

"Yes, that's the relationship between us," she went on. "Prince Ivan Ivanitch was my uncle, and your mother's uncle. So we were cousins to your mamma, and not second cousins. Yes, that's it. Now, tell me. Have you been to Prince Ivan's?"

I said that I had not been there yet, but should go that day.

"Ah! how is that possible?" she exclaimed. "That should have been your very first call. Why, you know that Prince Ivan is just the same as a father to you. He has no children, so his only heirs are you and my children. You must revere him on account of his age, and his position in the world, and everything. I know that you young people of the present generation think nothing of relationship, and do not like old people; but you must obey me, your old aunt; for I love you, and I loved your mamma, and your grandmother, too, I loved and respected very, very much. Yes, you must go without fail. You certainly must go."

I said that I certainly would go, and as the call had already lasted long enough, in my opinion, I rose, and made a motion to go; but she detained me.

"No, wait a minute.—Where is your father, Lise? Call him here.—He will be so glad to see you," she continued, turning to me.

In a couple of minutes Prince Mikhailo actually entered. He was a short, stout man, very negligently dressed, unshaven, and with such an expression of indifference on his countenance that it approached stupidity. He was not at all glad to see me; at all events, he did not express anything of the sort. But the Princess, of whom he was evidently very much afraid, said to him—

"Waldemar (she had plainly forgotten my name) is very like his mother, is he not?" and she made such a signal with her eyes that the Prince must have divined her wish, for he came up to me, and, with the most apathetic and even dissatisfied expression of countenance, presented his unshaven cheek to me, which I was forced to kiss.

"But you are not dressed, and you must go instantly," the Princess began at once to say to him, in an angry tone, which was evidently her usual one with members of her household. "You want to prejudice people against you again, to make people angry with you again!"

"At once, at once, matiuschka," said Prince Mikhailo, and departed. I bowed, and departed also.

I had heard for the first time that we were heirs of Prince Ivan Ivanitch, and this news struck me unpleasantly.

CHAPTER XX

THE IVINS

IT distressed me still more to think of that impending, indispensable visit. But before I went to the Prince, I had to stop at the Ivins' on the way. They lived on the Tversky Boulevard, in a large and handsome house. It was not without timidity that I drove up to the state entrance, at which stood a porter with a cane.

I asked him if the family was at home.

"Whom do you wish to see? The general's son is at home," said the porter.

"And the general himself?"

"I will inquire. Whom shall I announce?" said the porter, and rang.

A footman's legs, clad in gaiters, appeared upon the stairs. I felt so much alarmed, I do not myself know why, that I told the footman that he was not to announce me to the general, and that I would go first to the general's son. When I went upstairs, along that great staircase, it seemed to me that I became frightfully small (and not in the figurative, but in the actual, sense of the word). I had experienced the same sensation when my drozhky drove up to the grand entrance; it had seemed to me that the drozhky and the horse and the coachman became small. The general's son was lying, fast asleep, upon a sofa, with an open book before him, when I entered the room. His tutor, Herr Frost, who still remained in the

house, followed me into the room, with his active step, and woke up his pupil. Ivin did not exhibit any especial delight at the sight of me, and I observed that he looked at my eyebrows while he was talking Although he was very polite, it seemed to me that he was entertaining me exactly as the Princess had done, and that he felt no particular attraction towards me, and did not need my acquaintance, since he probably had his own different circle of acquaintances. All this I imagined, principally because he gazed at my eyebrows. In a word, his relations to me, however disagreeable it might be to me to confess it, were almost exactly the same as mine to Ilinka. I began to get irritated; I caught every look of Ivin's on the fly, and when his eyes and Frost's met, I translated his question: "And why has he come to us?"

After talking with me for a short time, Ivin said that his father and mother were at home, and would I not like to go with him and see them?

"I will dress myself at once," he added, going into another room, although he was certainly very well dressed already—in a new coat and a white waistcoat. In a few minutes he came back in his uniform, completely buttoned up, and we went downstairs together. The state apartments which we passed through were extremely lofty, and apparently very richly furnished; there was marble and gilding, and something wrapped up in muslin, and mirrors. Madame Ivina entered the small room behind the drawing-room through another door, at the same time that we did. She received me in a very friendly manner, like a relative, gave me a seat beside her, and inquired with interest about all our family.

Mme. Ivina, of whom I had only caught a couple of fleeting glimpses previous to this, pleased me very much now that I looked at her attentively. She was tall, thin, very white, and seemed always

melancholy and exhausted. Her smile was sad, but extremely kind; her eyes were large, weary, and not quite straight, which gave her a still more melancholy and attractive expression. She did not sit exactly bent over, but with her whole body limp, and all her movements were languishing. She spoke languidly, but the sound of her voice, and her indistinct utterance of *r* and *l*, were very pleasing. She did not entertain me. My answers about my relatives evidently afforded her a melancholy interest, as though, while listening to me, she sadly recalled better days. Her son went off somewhere; she gazed at me in silence for a couple of minutes, and all at once she began to cry. I sat there before her, and could not think of anything whatever to say or do. She went on crying, and never looked at me. At first I was sorry for her; then I thought, "Ought I not to comfort her, and how must it be done?" and finally I became vexed at her, for placing me in such an awkward position. "Have I such a pitiful appearance?" I thought, "or is she doing this on purpose to find out how I will behave under the circumstances?"

"It is awkward to take leave now, it will seem as though I am running away from her tears," I continued to reflect. At last I moved about on my chair to remind her of my presence.

"Oh, how stupid I am!" she said, glancing at me, and trying to smile; "there are days when one weeps without any cause whatever."

She began to search for her handkerchief, beside her on the sofa, and all at once she broke out crying harder than ever.

"Ah, my heavens! how ridiculous it is for me to cry so! I loved your mother so, we were such —friends—and"—

She found her handkerchief, covered her face with it, and went on crying. My awkward position was renewed, and lasted for quite a long while.

Her tears seemed genuine, and I kept thinking that she was not weeping so much because of my mother, as because things did not suit her now, but had been much better at some time in former days. I do not know how it would have ended, had not young Ivin entered and said that old Ivin was asking for her. She rose, and was on the point of going, when Ivin himself entered the room. He was a small, stout, grey-haired gentleman, with thick black brows, perfectly grey close-cut hair, and an extremely stern and firm expression of countenance.

I rose and saluted him; but Ivin, who had three stars on his green coat, not only did not respond to my greeting, but hardly so much as glanced at me, so that I all at once felt that I was not a man, but some sort of thing which was not worthy of notice—an arm-chair or a window, or, if a man, then such a one as is not distinguished in any way from an arm-chair or a window.

"You haven't written to the Countess yet, my dear," he said to his wife in French, with an apathetic but firm expression of countenance.

"Farewell, Mr. Irteneff," said Mme. Ivina to me, inclining her head rather haughtily all at once, and gazing at my eyebrows as her son had done. I bowed once more to her and her husband, and again my salute acted upon the elder Ivin exactly as the opening or shutting of a window would have done. But Ivin the student accompanied me to the door, and told me on the way that he was going to be transferred to the Petersburg university, because his father had received an appointment there (and he mentioned a very important position).

"Well, as papa likes," I muttered to myself as I seated myself in my drozhky: "but my feet will never enter there again. That whiner cries when she looks at me, just as though I were some miserable creature; and Ivin is a pig, and doesn't

bow to me. I'll give him "—what I wanted to give him, I really do not know, but those were the words which occurred to me.

I was often obliged afterwards to endure my father's exhortations, and he said that it was indispensable to "*cultivate*" this acquaintance, and that I could not require a man in such a position as Ivin's to pay attention to such a boy as I; but I preserved my resolution for a long time.

CHAPTER XXI

PRINCE IVAN IVANITCH

"NOW for the last call on the Nikitskaya," I said to Kuzma, and we rolled away to Prince Ivan Ivanitch's house.

Afrer having gone through several calling experiences, I had acquired self-reliance by practice; and now I was about to drive up to the Prince's in a tolerably composed frame of mind, when I suddenly recalled the words of Princess Kornakova, to the effect that I was his heir; moreover, I beheld two equipages at the entrance, and I felt my former timidity again.

It seemed to me that the old porter who opened the door for me, and the footman who took off my coat, and the three ladies and the two gentlemen whom I found in the drawing-room, and Prince Ivan Ivanitch himself in particular, who was sitting on the sofa in a plain coat—it seemed to me that they all looked upon me as the heir, and therefore with ill-will. The Prince was very friendly with me: he kissed me, that is to say, he laid his soft, dry, cold lips against my cheek for a moment, inquired about my occupations and plans, jested with me, asked if I still wrote verses like those which I had written for my grandmother's name-day, and said that I must remain and dine with him that day. But the more courteous he was, the more it seemed to me as though he wanted to pet me only to prevent my perceiving how disagreeable to him was the thought

that I was his heir. He had a habit—arising from the false teeth with which his mouth was filled—of raising his upper lip towards his nose after he had said anything, and uttering a slight snort, as though he were drawing his lip into his nostrils; and when he did this on the present occasion, it seemed to me as though he were saying to himself, "Little boy, little boy, I know it without your reminding me of it: you are the heir, the heir," and so on.

When we were children, we had called Prince Ivan Ivanitch "uncle": but now, in my capacity of heir, my tongue could not bring itself to say "uncle" to him, and it seemed to me humiliating to call him "your excellency," as one of the gentlemen present did; so that, during the entire conversation, I tried not to call him anything at all. But what abashed me most of all was the old Princess, who was also one of the Prince's heirs, and lived in his house. During the whole course of dinner, at which I was seated beside the Princess, I fancied that the Princess did not address me because she hated me for being also an heir of the Prince as well as herself; and that the Prince paid no attention to our side of the table because we—the Princess and I—were heirs, and equally repulsive to him.

"Yes; you can't believe how disagreeable it was for me," I said that same evening to Dmitri, desiring to brag to him of my feeling of repugnance to the thought that I was an heir (this sentiment seemed very fine to me)—"how disagreeable it was for me to pass two whole hours at the Prince's to-day. He is a very fine man, and was very polite to me," said I, wishing, among other things, to impress my friend with the fact that what I said was not in consequence of having felt humiliated before the Prince; "but," I continued, "the thought that they might look upon me as they do upon the Princess who lives in his house, and

behaves in such a servile way towards him, is frightful. He is a wonderful old man, and extremely kind and delicate withal, but it is painful to see how he *maltreats* that Princess. This disgusting money ruins all intercourse!

"Do you know, I think it would be much better to explain myself clearly to the Prince," said I—"to tell him that I revere him as a man, but that I am not thinking of his inheritance, and that I beg him not to leave me anything, and that under that condition only will I go to his house."

Dmitri did not laugh when I told him this: on the contrary, he became thoughtful, and, after a silence of several minutes, he said to me—

"Do you know what? You are not in the right. Either you should not suppose at all that people can think of you as of your Princess: or else, if you do already suppose it, then you should carry your suppositions farther; that is, to the effect that you know what people may think of you, but that such thoughts are so far from your intentions that you scorn them, and will do nothing which could justify them. Now, suppose that they suppose that you suppose this—But, in short," he added, conscious that he was involving himself in his reflections, "it's much better not to suppose it at all."

My friend was quite right. It was only later, much later, that I was convinced from my experience of life how injurious it is to think, and how much more injurious to utter, much which seems very noble, but which should remain for ever hidden from all in the heart of each individual man; and how rarely noble words accompany noble deeds. I am convinced that the very fact that a good intention has been announced renders the execution of this good intention more difficult and generally impossible. But how restrain the utterance of the nobly self-satisfied impulses of youth? One only recollects them afterwards,

and mourns over them as over a flower which did not last—which one has plucked ere it had opened, and afterwards finds upon the ground, withered and trampled on.

I, who had just told my friend Dmitri that money ruined intercourse, borrowed twenty-five roubles of him, which he offered me the next morning, before our departure to the country, when I found that I had wasted all my own money on divers pictures and pipe-stems; and then I remained in his debt a very long time indeed.

CHAPTER XXII

AN INTIMATE CONVERSATION WITH MY FRIEND.

OUR present conversation arose in the phaeton on the road to Kuntzovo. Dmitri had dissuaded me from calling on his mother in the morning; but he came to me, after dinner, to carry me off for the whole afternoon, and even to pass the night at the country-house where his family lived. It was only when we had emerged from the city, and the dirty, motley streets and the intolerably deafening sound of the pavements had been exchanged for the broad view of the fields and the soft rattle of the wheels along the dusty road, and the fragrant spring air and the sense of space had seized hold of me from all sides—it was only then that I recovered my senses in some degree from the various new impressions and consciousness of freedom which had quite confused me for the last two days. Dmitri was gentle and sympathetic; he did not adjust his neckerchief with a jerk of his head, or screw his eyes up. I was satisfied with the lofty sentiments which I had communicated to him, supposing that, in consideration of them, he had quite forgiven my shameful affair with Kolpikoff, and would not despise me for it; and we conversed, in a friendly way, of many intimate things which friends do not talk to each other about under all circumstances. Dmitri told me about his family, whom I did not know as yet—about his mother, his aunt, his sister, and about the

person whom Volodya and Dubkof considered my friend's passion, and called the *little red-head*. He spoke of his mother with a certain cool, triumphant praise, as though to forestall any objection on that subject; he expressed enthusiasm with regard to his aunt, but with some condescension; of his sister, he said very little, and seemed ashamed to talk to me about her; but as for the *little red-head*, whose name was really Liubov* Sergieevna, and who was an elderly maiden lady, living in the Nekhliudoffs' house in some position, I was ignorant of, he spoke to me of her with animation.

"Yes, she is a wonderful girl," said he, blushing modestly, but, at the same time, looking me boldly in the eye. "She is no longer a young girl: she is even rather old, and not at all pretty; but how stupid, how senseless it is to love beauty! I cannot understand it, it is so stupid (he spoke as if he had but just discovered a perfectly new and remarkable truth), but she has such a soul, such a heart, such principles, I am convinced that you will not find another such girl in this present world." (I do not know why Dmitri had acquired the habit of saying that everything good was rare in this present world; he was fond of repeating this expression, and it seemed to become him.)

"I am only afraid," he continued calmly, after having already annihilated with his condemnation people who had the stupidity to love beauty, "I am afraid that you will not soon comprehend her, and learn to know her. She is modest, even reserved; she is not fond of displaying her fine, her wonderful qualities. There is mamma, who, as you will see, is a very handsome and intelligent woman; she has known Liubov Sergieevna for several years, and can not and will not understand her. Even last night I—I will

*Love: not an uncommon feminine Christian name.

tell you why I was out of spirits when you asked me. The day before yesterday, Liubov Sergieevna wanted me to go with her to Ivan Yakovlevitch—you have certainly heard of Ivan Yakovlevitch, who is said to be crazy, but, in reality, is a remarkable man. Liubov Sergieevna is very religious, I must tell you, and understands Ivan Yakovlevitch perfectly. She frequently goes to see him, talks with him, and gives him money for his poor people, which she has earned herself. She is a wonderful woman, as you will see. Well, so I went with her to Ivan Yakovlevitch, and was very grateful to her for having seen that remarkable man. But mamma never will understand this, and regards it as superstition. Last night I had a quarrel with my mother, for the first time in my life, and a rather hot one," he concluded, with a convulsive movement of the neck, as though in memory of the feeling which he had experienced during this quarrel.

"Well, and what do you think? That is, how do you fancy it will turn out? or do you talk with her of how it is to be, and how your love and friendship will end?" I inquired, wishing to divert him from unpleasant memories.

"You mean to ask, whether I think of marrying her?" he inquired, reddening again, but turning and looking me boldly in the face.

"Well, in fact," I thought, tranquillizing myself, "it's nothing: we are grown up; we two friends are riding in this phaeton, and discussing our future life. Anyone would enjoy listening and looking at us now, unseen."

"Why not?" he went on, after my answer in the affirmative. "It is my aim, as it is the aim of every right-minded man, to be happy and good, so far as that is possible; and with her, if she will only have it so, I shall be happier and better than with the greatest beauty in the world, as soon as I am entirely independent."

Engaged in such discourse, we did not observe that we had arrived at Kuntzovo, that the sky clouded over, and that it was preparing to rain. The sun shone not very high on the right, above the ancient trees of the Kuntzovo garden, and half of its brilliant red disc was covered with grey, slightly luminous clouds; broken, fiery rays escaped in bursts from the other half, and lighted up the old trees of the garden with striking brilliancy, as their dense green motionless crowns shone in the illuminated spot of azure sky. The glow and the light of this side of the heavens strongly contrasted with the heavy purplish cloud which lay before us above the young birches which were visible on the horizon.

A little farther to the right, behind the bushes and trees, we could already see the multi-coloured roofs of the buildings of the villa, some of which reflected the brilliant rays of the sun, while some assumed the melancholy character of the other half of the heavens. Below, on the left, the motionless pond gleamed blue, and the pale green willows surrounding it were reflected in its dull and seemingly swollen surface. Beyond the pond, halfway up the hill, stretched a black steaming field; and the straight line of green which divided it in the middle ran off into the distance, and ended on the threatening, lead-coloured horizon. On both sides of the soft road, along which the phaeton rolled with regular motion, luxuriant tangled rye stood out sharply in its verdure, and was already beginning to develop stalks here and there. The air was perfectly calm, and exhaled freshness; the branches of the trees, the stalks of the rye, were all motionless and clean and shiny. It seemed as though every leaf, every blade of grass, were living its own free, happy, individual life. Beside the road, I espied a blackish foot-path, which wound amid the dark-green rye, which was now more than a quarter

grown; and this path, for some reason, recalled the country to me with special vividness; and, in consequence of my thoughts of the country, by some strange combination of ideas, it reminded me with special vividness of Sonitchka, and that I was in love with her.

In spite of all my friendship for Dmitri, and the pleasure which his frankness afforded me, I did not want to know any more about his feelings and intentions with regard to Liubov Sergieevna; but I wanted, without fail, to inform him of my love for Sonitchka, which seemed to me love of a much higher type. But, for some reason, I could not make up my mind to tell him directly my ideas of how fine it would be, when, having married Sonitchka, I should live in the country, and how I should have little children who would creep about the floor and call me papa, and how delighted I should be when he and his wife, Liubov Sergieevna, came to see me in their travelling dress: but in place of all this, I pointed at the setting sun. "See, Dmitri, how charming it is!"

Dmitri said nothing, being apparently displeased that I had replied to his confession, which had probably cost him some pain, by directing his attention to nature, to which he was, in general, rather indifferent. Nature affected him very differently from what it did me: it affected him not so much by its beauty as by its interest; he loved it with his mind, rather than with his feelings.

"I am very happy," I said to him after this, paying no heed to the fact that he was evidently occupied with his own thoughts, and was quite indifferent to whatever I might say to him; "I believe I told you about a young lady with whom I was in love when a child; I have seen her again to-day," I continued with enthusiasm, "and now I am decidedly in love with her."

And I told him about my love, and all my plans

for connubial bliss in the future, in spite of the expression of indifference which still lingered on his face. And, strange to say, no sooner had I minutely described all the strength of my feeling, than it began to decrease.

The rain overtook us just after we had entered the birch avenue leading to the villa. I only knew that it was raining because a few drops fell upon my nose and hand, and something pattered on the young, sticky leaves of the birches, which, lowering their curling motionless branches, seemed to receive these pure, transparent drops of water with real delight, which was expressed by the strong perfume with which they filled the avenue. We descended from the calash, in order to reach the house more quickly by running through the garden. But just at the entrance to the house we encountered four ladies, two of whom had some work, the third a book, and the other was approaching from another direction with a little dog, at a rapid pace. Dmitri immediately presented me to his mother, sister, aunt, and Liubov Sergieevna. They stopped for a moment, but the rain began to descend faster and faster.

"Let us go to the veranda, and you shall introduce him to us again there," said the one whom I took to be Dmitri's mother; and we ascended the steps with the ladies.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE NEKHLIUDOFFS

AT first sight, among all this company the one who struck me most was Liubov Sergieevna, who mounted the steps last of all, in thick knitted shoes, holding in her arms a Bolognese spaniel; and, halting twice, gazed attentively at me and immediately afterwards kissed her dog. She was very ugly, red-haired, thin, short, and rather one-sided. What rendered her homely face even plainer was her queer manner of parting her red hair upon one side (one of those coiffures which bald women invent for themselves). Try as I would, out of a desire to please my friend, I could not discover a single good feature in her. Even her brown eyes, although they expressed good nature, were too small and dull, and decidedly ugly; even her hands, those guides to character, though not large, and not bad in shape, were red and rough.

When I followed them on the terrace, each one of the ladies, except Varenka, Dmitri's sister, who only surveyed me attentively with her large dark-grey eyes, said a few words to me before they resumed their several occupations; but Varenka began to read aloud from the book which she held on her knee, using her finger as a marker.

Princess Marya Ivanovna was a tall, stately woman of forty. She might have been taken for more, judging by the curls of half-grey hair which

were frankly displayed beneath her cap. But she seemed much younger, on account of her fresh and delicate face, which was scarcely wrinkled at all, and particularly from the lively, merry gleam of her large eyes. Her eyes were brown, and very well opened; her lips were too thin, and somewhat stern; her nose was sufficiently regular, but a little to the left side; there were no rings on the long fingers of her large, almost masculine hands. She wore a dark-blue dress, high at the neck and fitting tightly to her elegant and still youthful figure, of which she was evidently proud. She was sitting remarkably upright, and sewing some garment. When I had entered the veranda she took my hand, drew me towards her as though desirous of viewing me more closely, and said, as she looked at me with the same cold, open gaze which her son also possessed, that she had long known me from Dmitri's accounts of me, and that she had invited me to spend a whole day with them, in order that she might become better acquainted with me. "Do whatever you like, without minding us in the least, just as we shall put no constraint on ourselves because of you. Walk, read, listen, or sleep, if that amuses you more," she added.

Sophia Ivanovna was an elderly spinster, and the Princess's youngest sister, but from her looks she seemed older. She had that peculiar build, full of character, which is only met with in plump short old maids who wear corsets. It was as if all her health had risen upwards with such force that it threatened every moment to suffocate her. Her little fat hands could not meet beneath the projecting point of her bodice, and the tightly stretched point itself she could not see. There was a strong family resemblance between the sisters, in spite of the fact that Marya Ivanovna had black hair and black eyes, and Sophia Ivanovna was a blonde with large, lively, and at the same time

calm, blue eyes (which is a great rarity). They had the same expression, the same nose, and the same lips, only Sophia Ivanovna's nose and lips were thicker, while her nose turned to the right side when she smiled, just as the Princess's turned to the left. Sophia Ivanovna, judging from her dress and coiffure, evidently tried to appear still young, and would not have displayed her grey curls if she had had any. Her looks and her treatment of me seemed to me extremely haughty from the very first moment, and they embarrassed me; while with the Princess, on the other hand, I felt perfectly at my ease. Possibly it was her stoutness, and a certain likeness in her figure to the portrait of Catherine the Great which struck me in her, that gave her that haughty aspect in my eyes; but I was thoroughly abashed when she said to me, gazing at me intently the while, "The friends of our friends are our friends." I only regained my composure, and changed my opinion of her entirely, when, after uttering these words, she paused a while, and then opened her mouth, and sighed heavily. It must have been on account of her stoutness that she had a habit of sighing deeply after saying a few words, opening her mouth a little, and rolling her large blue eyes. So much amiable good-nature was expressed by this habit, for some reason or other, that after that sigh I lost all fear of her, and she pleased me extremely. Her eyes were charming, her voice melodious and pleasing; even the excessively rounded lines of her form seemed to me at that period of my youth not devoid of beauty.

Liubov Sergieevna, as the friend of my friend, would (I supposed) immediately say something extremely friendly and confidential to me, and she even gazed at me quite a long while in silence as if in indecision as to whether what she meant to say to me were not too friendly; but she only broke the silence in order to inquire in what

faculty I was. Then she gazed at me again intently for a long while, evidently hesitating whether to utter or not to utter some confidential, friendly word; and I, perceiving this doubt, besought her by the expression of my countenance to tell me all; but she said, "They say that very little attention is paid to science in the universities nowadays," and called her little dog Suzette.

Liubov Sergieevna talked the whole evening in the same sort of phrases, which, for the most part, fitted neither the matter in hand nor each other; but I believed so firmly in Dmitri, and he looked so anxiously first at me and then at her the whole evening with an expression that asked, "Well, what do you think?"—that, as it frequently happens, although I was already convinced in my own soul that there was nothing so very special about Liubov Sergieevna, I was very far from expressing my thoughts even to myself.

Finally, the last member of this family, Varenka, was a very plump girl of sixteen.

The only pretty things about her were her great dark-grey eyes, with an expression which united mirth and calm observation, and which were very like her aunt's eyes; her very large blonde braid of hair; and an extremely soft and pretty hand.

"Perhaps it bores you, Mr. Nicolas, to listen to the middle of this," said Sophia Ivanovna with her good-natured sigh, turning over the pieces of a garment which she was engaged in sewing. The reading had come to an end by this time because Dmitri had gone off somewhere.

"Or perhaps you have already read 'Rob Roy'?"

At that time I considered it my duty, simply because I wore a student's uniform, to reply with great *intelligence and originality* without fail to every question, however simple, from people whom I did not know very well; and I regarded

it as the greatest disgrace to make brief, clear replies like "yes" and "no," "it is tiresome," "it is pleasant," and the like. Glancing at my fashionable new trousers, and at the brilliant buttons on my coat I replied that I had not read "Rob Roy," but that it was very interesting to me to listen to it, because I preferred to read books from the middle instead of from the beginning.

"It is twice as interesting: you can guess at what has happened, and what will happen," I added with a self-satisfied smile.

The Princess began to laugh a kind of unnatural laugh (I afterwards observed that she had no other laugh).

"But this must be correct," said she. "And shall you remain here long, Nicolas? You will not take offence that I address you without the *monsieur?* When are you going away?"

"I do not know; to-morrow perhaps, and possibly we may stay quite a long time," I replied for some reason or other, although we must certainly go on the morrow.

"I should have liked you to remain, both for our sakes and for Dmitri's," remarked the Princess, gazing into the distance; "friendship is a glorious thing at your age."

I felt that they were all looking at me, desirous of hearing what I would say, although Varenka pretended that she was inspecting her aunt's work. I felt that I was undergoing examination after a fashion, and that I must show off as favourably as possible.

"Yes, for me," said I, "Dmitri's friendship is useful; but I cannot be useful to him, he is a thousand times better than I." (Dmitri could not hear what I was saying, otherwise I should have been afraid that he would detect the insincerity of my words.)

The Princess laughed again with the unnatural laugh which was natural to her.

"Well, but to hear him talk," said she, "it is you who are a little monster of perfection."

"'A monster of perfection,' that's capital, I must remember that," I thought.

"However, leaving you out of the case, he is a master-hand at that," she went on, lowering her voice (which was particularly agreeable to me), and indicating Liubov Sergieevna with her eyes. "He has discovered in his *poor little aunt*" (that was what they called Liubov Sergieevna), "whom I have known, with her Suzette, for twenty years, such perfections as I never even suspected.—Varya, order them to bring me a glass of water," she added, glancing into the distance again, having probably discovered that it was rather early, or not at all necessary, to initiate me into family affairs: "or, better still, let *him* go. *He* has nothing to do, and do you go on reading. Go straight out by that door, my friend, and after you have proceeded fifteen paces halt, and say in a loud voice, 'Piotr, take Marya Ivanovna a glass of ice-water!'" she said to me, and again she laughed lightly with her unnatural laugh.

"She certainly wants to discuss me," I thought, as I left the room: "probably she wants to say, that she has observed that I am a very, very intelligent young man." But I had not gone fifteen paces when fat and panting Sophia Ivanovna overtook me with light swift steps.

"Thanks, mon cher," said she: "I am going there myself, and I will fetch it."

CHAPTER XXIV

LOVE

SOPHIA IVANOVNA, as I afterwards learned, was one of those somewhat rare women, who, though born for family life, have been denied this happiness by fate, and who, in consequence of this denial, decide all at once to pour out all the treasure of love which has been stored up so long, which has grown and strengthened in their hearts, upon certain chosen favourites. And the store is so inexhaustible among old maids of this sort, that, although the chosen ones are many, much love still remains, which they pour out upon all about them, on all the good and bad people with whom they come in contact in life.

There are three kinds of love :—

(1) Beautiful love ;
(2) Self-sacrificing love ; and
(3) Active love.

I do not speak of the love of a young man for a young girl, and hers for him : I fear these tendernesses, and I have been so unfortunate in life as never to have seen a single spark of truth in this species of love, but only a lie, in which sentiment, connubial relations, money, a desire to bind or to unbind one's hands, have to such an extent confused the feeling itself, that it has been impossible to disentangle it. I am speaking of the love for man, which, according to the greater or lesser power of soul, concentrates itself upon one,

upon several, or pours itself out upon many; of the love of mother, father, brother, children, for a comrade, friends, fellow-countrymen—in short, of love for humanity.

Beautiful love consists in love of the beauty of the sentiment itself, and its expression. For people who love thus, the beloved object is beloved only inasmuch as it arouses that agreeable sentiment, in the consciousness and expression of which they delight. People who love with beautiful love do not consider reciprocity one of the conditions or as having any influence upon the beauty and pleasure of the sentiment. They frequently change the objects of their love, as their chief aim consists simply in having the agreeable feeling of love constantly excited. In order to preserve this pleasing sentiment in themselves, they talk incessantly of their affection in the most elegant terms, both to the subject of it, and to everyone else, even to those who have no concern whatever with this love. In our country, people of a certain class, who love *beautifully*, not only talk about their love to everyone, but infallibly discuss it in French. It is a queer and a strange thing to say; but I am convinced that there have been and still are many people of distinguished society, especially women, whose love for their friends, their husbands, and their children, would be instantly annihilated if they were but forbidden to speak of it in French.

The second species of love—self-sacrificing love—consists in love of the process of immolating oneself for the beloved object, without any regard to whether the beloved object is the better or the worse for these sacrifices. "There is nothing so disagreeable that I would not do it in order to prove my devotion to the whole world, and to *him* or to *her*." That is the formula of this species of love. People who love thus never believe in reciprocity (because it is more meritorious to

sacrifice oneself for a person who does not understand one), and are always sickly, which also heightens the merit of the sacrifice; they are constant, for the most part, because it would be hard for them to lose the merit of those sacrifices which they have made for the beloved object; they are always ready to die to prove to *him* or *her* the extent of their devotion, but they despise the little everyday demonstrations of love which do not require special outbursts of self-sacrifice. It makes no difference to them whether you have eaten or slept well, whether you are cheery, or whether you are in health, and they do nothing to procure you those comforts if they are within their power; but to stand in front of a cannon, to fling themselves into the water or the fire, to go into a decline for love—they are always ready to do this if the opportunity only presents itself. Moreover, people who are inclined to self-sacrificing love are always proud of their love, exacting, jealous, distrustful; and, strange to say, desire danger for the loved one, that they may rescue him from his misfortune, that they may comfort him—and even vices, that they may reform him.

You are living in the country with your wife, who loves you with self-sacrificing love. You are well, calm, you have occupations which you like; your loving wife is so weak that she cannot busy herself with the management of the household, which is confided to the hands of domestics, nor with the children, who are in the hands of nurses, nor with anything she might have loved, because she loves nothing but you. She is *visibly* ill, but, not wishing to pain you, she will not mention this to you; she is *plainly* bored, but for your sake she is ready to be bored all her life. The fact that you are so intently occupied with your affairs (whatever they may be, hunting, books, farming, service), is *visibly* killing her; she sees that these occupations are ruining you, but she holds her

peace, and suffers. But now you fall ill. Your loving wife forgets her illness for you, and in spite of your prayer that she will not torment herself for nothing, she sits by your bedside, and will not leave it; and you feel her sympathetic glance upon you every second, saying, "Whatever I said, it makes no difference to me, I will not leave you." In the morning you are a little better, and you go to another room. The room is not warmed, nor put in order; the soup, which is the only thing you can eat, has not been ordered from the cook; the medicine has not been sent for; but your poor, loving wife, exhausted by her vigil, gazes at you with the same expression of sympathy, walks on tiptoe, and gives the servants confused and unaccustomed orders in a whisper. You want to read: your loving wife tells you with a sigh that she knows you will not listen to her, that you will be angry with her, but she is used to that—it is better for you not to read. You want to walk across the room: you had better not do it. You want to speak to a friend who has arrived: it is better for you not to talk. You have fever again in the night, and you want to forget yourself; but your loving wife, pale, haggard, sighing from time to time, sits opposite you in an arm-chair, beneath the dim light of the night-lamp, and arouses in you a feeling of irritation and impatience at the slightest sound or movement. You have a servant who has lived with you for twenty years, to whom you are accustomed, who serves you admirably and satisfactorily because he has slept sufficiently during the day, and receives wages; but she will not permit him to wait upon you. She will do everything with her own weak, unskilled fingers, which you cannot avoid watching with repressed vexation, when those white fingers strive in vain to uncork a phial, to extinguish a candle, to pour out your medicine, or when they touch you peevishly.

If you are an impatient, hot-tempered man, and beg her to go away, you hear her with your irritated, sickly sense of hearing, sighing and crying outside the door, and whispering something to your man; and finally, if you do not die, your loving wife, who has not slept all the twenty nights during which your sickness has lasted (as she repeats to you incessantly), falls ill, goes into a decline, suffers, and becomes still less capable of any occupation, and, by the time you are in a normal condition, expresses her love of self-sacrifice only by a gentle ennui which involuntarily communicates itself to you, and to all about you.

The third sort—active love—consists in the endeavour to satisfy all the needs, desires, whims, vices even, of the beloved object. People who love thus, always love for life: for the more they love, the more they know the beloved object, and the easier it is for them to love; that is, to satisfy his desires. Their love is rarely expressed in words; and, if expressed, it is not with self-satisfaction, eloquently, but shamefacedly, awkwardly, for they are always afraid that they do not love sufficiently. They seek reciprocity, even willingly deceiving themselves, believe in it, and are happy if they have it; but they love all the same, even under the opposite conditions, and not only desire happiness for the beloved object, but constantly strive to procure it for him by all the moral and material, the great and the petty means which are in their power.

And it was this active love for her nephew, for her sister, for Liubov Sergieevna, for me, even, because Dmitri loved me, which shone in the eyes, in every word and movement, of Sophia Ivanovna.

It was only much later that I estimated Sophia Ivanovna at her full worth; but even then the question occurred to me, Why did Dmitri, who was trying to understand love in a totally different fashion from what was usual with young men,

and who had always before his eyes this sweet, affectionate Sophia Ivanovna, suddenly fall in love with that incomprehensible Liubov Sergieevna, and only admit that his aunt also possessed good qualities? Evidently, the saying is just: "A prophet has no honour in his own country." One or two things must be: either there actually is more evil than good in every man, or else man is more accessible to evil than to good. He had not known Liubov Sergieevna long, but his aunt's love he had experienced ever since his birth.

CHAPTER XXV

WE BECOME BETTER ACQUAINTED

WHEN I returned to the veranda, they were not speaking of me at all, as I had supposed: but Varenka was not reading; and, having laid aside her book, she was engaged in a warm dispute with Dmitri, who was pacing up and down, settling his neck in his neckerchief, and screwing up his eyes. The subject of their quarrel seemed to be Ivan Yakovlevitch and superstition; but the quarrel was so fiery, that the real but unmentioned cause could not fail to be a different one, and one which touched the whole family more nearly. The Princess and Liubov Sergieevna sat silent, listening to every word, evidently desirous at times to take part in the discussion, but restraining themselves, and allowing themselves to be represented, the one by Varenka, the other by Dmitri. When I entered, Varenka glanced at me with such an expression of indifference that it was plain that the dispute interested her deeply, and that it made no difference to her whether I heard what she said or not. The Princess, who evidently was on Varenka's side, wore the same expression. But Dmitri began to dispute with even greater heat in my presence; and Liubov Sergieevna seemed excessively frightened at my appearance, and said, without addressing anyone in particular, "Old people say truly: If youth knew, if old age had the power" (*si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait*).

But this adage did not put an end to the dispute, and only prompted the thought in me that Liubov Sergieevna and my friend were in the wrong. Although I felt rather awkward at being present at a petty family quarrel, it was nevertheless pleasant to observe the real relations of the family, which were exhibited in consequence of the debate ; and I felt that my presence did not prevent their exhibiting themselves.

It often happens that you see a family for years under the same deceitful veil of propriety, and the true relations of the members remain a secret to you. (I have even observed, that, the more impenetrable and ornamental the curtain, the coarser are the genuine relations which are concealed from you.) Then it comes to pass some day, quite unexpectedly, that there arises in this family circle a question, often apparently trivial, either concerning some blonde, or a visit, or the husband's horses : and, without any visible cause, the quarrel grows more and more violent, the space beneath the curtain becomes too contracted for a settlement, and all at once, to the terror of the wranglers themselves, and to the amazement of those present, all the real, coarse relations creep out ; the curtain, which no longer covers anything, flutters useless between the warring sides, and only serves to remind you how long you have been deceived by it. Often it is less painful to dash one's head against the ceiling with full force than to touch a sore and sensitive spot, though ever so lightly. And such a sore and sensitive spot exists in nearly every family. In the Nekhliudoff family, this sensitive spot consisted of Dmitri's strange love for Liubov Sergieevna, which aroused in his mother and sister, if not a sense of envy, at least a sentiment of wounded family feeling. Therefore it was that the dispute about Ivan Yakovlevitch and superstition had such a serious significance for all of them.

" You are always trying to see into what other

people ridicule and despise," said Varenka, in her melodious voice, pronouncing every word distinctly. "It is just in all those kinds of things that you try to discover something remarkably fine."

"In the first place, only the most *frivolous of men* can speak of despising such a remarkable man as Ivan Yakovlevitch," retorted Dmitri, throwing his head spasmodically on the opposite side from his sister; "and in the second place, *you* are trying purposely not to see the good which stands before your very eyes."

On her return to us, Sophia Ivanovna glanced several times, in a frightened way, now at her nephew, then at her niece, then at me; and twice she opened her mouth as though to speak, and sighed heavily.

"Please, Varya, read as quickly as possible," she said, handing her the book, and tapping her caressingly on the hand; "I am very anxious to know whether they found her again. It seems that there is no question whatever, in the book, of anyone finding anyone else. And as for you, Mitya, my dear, you had better wrap up your cheek, for the air is fresh, and your teeth will ache again," said she to her nephew, notwithstanding the look of displeasure which he cast upon her, probably because she had broken the thread of his argument. The reading was resumed.

This little quarrel did not in the least disturb the family peace, and that sensible concord which reigned within that feminine circle.

This circle, to which Princess Marya Ivanovna evidently gave the character and direction, had for me a perfectly novel and attractive charm, an inexpressible charm of simplicity and elegance. This charm consisted, so to speak, in the beauty, cleanliness and solidity of things—the bell, the binding of the book, the arm-chair, the table; in the attitude of the Princess, sitting erect in her tight-fitting bodice with her grey curls full

in view, and in her manner of calling me simply Nicolas, and *he*, at our first meeting; in their occupations, the reading aloud, the sewing; and in the remarkable whiteness of the ladies' hands. (They all had a common family mark on the hand, which consisted in the soft portion of the palm being of a deep-red hue, and separated by a sharp, straight line from the unusual whiteness of the upper part of the hand.) But this character was expressed most of all, in the excellent manner in which all three spoke French and Russian; pronouncing each syllable distinctly, and finishing every word and phrase with pedantic accuracy. All this, and in particular the fact that they treated me simply and seriously in this society, as a grown-up person, uttered their own thoughts to me, listened to my opinions—to this I was so little accustomed, that, in spite of my brilliant buttons and blue facings, I was still afraid they would say to me, all at once, "Do you think people are going to talk seriously with you? go and study!" All this resulted in my not feeling the slightest embarrassment in their society. I rose and changed my seat from place to place, and talked with all except Varenka, to whom it still seemed to me improper, for some reason, to speak first.

During the reading, as I listened to her pleasant voice, I glanced now at her, now at the sandy path of the flower-garden, upon which dark round spots of rain were forming, upon the lindens, on whose leaves occasional drops of rain still continued to patter from the pale, bluish edge of the thinning thunder-cloud which enveloped us, then at her again, than at the last crimson rays of the setting sun, which illuminated the thickly planted old birches all dripping with rain, and then at Varenka again; and I decided that she was not at all ugly, as she had seemed to me at first.

"It's a pity that I am already in love," I thought,

"and that Varenka is not Sonitchka. How nice it would be to suddenly become a member of this family! I should gain a mother and an aunt and a wife all at once." And as meditating thus I glanced at Varenka as she read, and thought that I would magnetize her, and make her look at me, Varenka raised her head from her book, glanced at me, and, meeting my eyes, turned away.

"It has not stopped raining yet," she said.

And all at once I experienced a strange sensation. I suddenly recollected that what was now happening to me was an exact repetition of what had happened once before; that then, also, a light rain was falling, and the sun was setting behind the birches, and I was looking at *her*, and she was reading, and I had magnetised her, and she had glanced up, and turned away her eyes when these met mine.

"Is it she? *she?*" I thought. "*Is it beginning?*" But I speedily decided that she was not the *she*, and that it was not beginning yet. "In the first place, she is ugly," I thought; "and in the next place, she is simply a young lady, and I have made her acquaintance in the most commonplace manner. But *she* will be remarkable, and I shall meet her somewhere, in some uncommon place; and, besides, this family only pleases me so much because I have not seen anything yet," I decided. "But, of course, there are plenty like it, and I shall meet with many of these during my life."

CHAPTER XXVI

I SHOW MYSELF FROM THE MOST ADVANTAGEOUS POINT OF VIEW

AT tea-time the reading came to an end; and the ladies engaged in a conversation between themselves, about persons and circumstances with which I was unfamiliar, expressly, so it seemed to me, for the purpose of making me feel, in spite of my cordial reception, the difference which existed, both in years and in worldly position, between them and me. But in the general conversation in which I could take part, I made up for my former silence, and endeavoured to exhibit my remarkable intelligence and originality, which I considered that my uniform specially bound me to do. When the conversation turned on country houses, I suddenly related how Prince Ivan Ivanitch had such a villa near Moscow that people came from London and Paris to see it; that there was a wrought iron railing there worth three hundred and eighty thousand roubles; and that Prince Ivan Ivanitch was a very near relative of mine, and that I had dined with him that day, and he had told me that I must be sure to come and spend the whole summer with him at this villa, but I had refused, because I knew the house very well, since I had been there a number of times, and, besides, these railings and bridges were not in the least interesting to me as I could not bear luxury, especially in the country, for I liked

everything in the country to be like the country. Having uttered this strangely complicated lie, I became confused, and turned so red that everyone must have certainly perceived that I was lying. Varenka, who handed me a cup of tea at that moment, and Sophia Ivanovna, who had been gazing at me while I was speaking, both turned away from me, and began to talk of something else, with an expression of countenance which I have often met with in good people since then, when a very young man begins lying plainly to their very faces, and which signifies, "Of course we know that he is lying, and why he does it, poor fellow!"

The reason why I said that Prince Ivan Ivanitch had a villa was that I saw no better pretext for mentioning my relationship to Prince Ivan Ivanitch, and that I had dined with him that day; but why did I talk about the railing worth three hundred and eighty thousand roubles, and say I had been to his house so often, when I had never been even once, and could not go, since Prince Ivan Ivanitch lived only in Moscow or Naples, which the Nekhliudoffs knew very well? I really cannot account to myself for it. Neither in childhood, nor boyhood, nor afterwards in a riper stage of growth, had I ever detected the vice of lying in myself; on the contrary, I had been rather too frank and upright: but during this first period of adolescence, a strange desire to lie in the most desperate manner, and without any apparent cause, frequently took possession of me. I say "desperate manner" expressly, because I lied about things where it was extremely easy to find me out. It seems to me that a vainglorious desire to show myself off as an entirely different man from what I was, united to the impracticable hope of lying in such a way as not to be detected in the lie, was the chief cause of this strange tendency.

After tea, as the rain had ceased, and the weather

was clear and calm, the Princess proposed that we should go for a walk in the lower garden, and admire her favourite spot. In accordance with my rule of always being original, and considering that such clever people as the Princess and myself must stand above trivial politeness, I replied that I could not bear to walk without an object, and if I cared to walk at all, it was quite alone. I had no idea that this was downright rude; but it seemed to me then that there was nothing more disgraceful than state compliments, that nothing was more amiable and original than a little discourteous frankness. Nevertheless, after I had given this answer, I went to walk with the rest of the company.

The Princess's favourite spot was at the very bottom of the garden in its depths, on a little bridge which was thrown over a small swamp. The view was extremely restricted, but very melancholy and pleasing. We are so accustomed to confounding art with nature, that very frequently those manifestations of nature which we have never encountered in pictures seem to us unnatural—as though nature could be unnatural—and those phenomena which have been too frequently repeated in art seem to us threadbare. But some views, too thoroughly penetrated with thought and sentiment alone, seem fantastic when we come upon them in nature. The view from the Princess's favourite place was of this character. It consisted of a small pond with overgrown banks; directly behind it was a steep hill covered with huge ancient trees and bushes, with frequent changes in their many-hued verdure; and at the foot of the hill, drooping over the pond, was a noble birch, which, partly clinging to the damp bank of the pool with its thick roots, rested its crown upon a tall and stately ash-tree, and swung its curling branches over the smooth surface of

the pond, which gave back the reflection of these drooping boughs and the surrounding greenery.

"How charming!" said the Princess, shaking her head, and not addressing anyone in particular.

"Yes, it is wonderful, only it seems to me that it is frightfully like theatrical scenery," said I, desirous of showing that I had an opinion of my own on everything.

The Princess continued to admire the view as though she had not heard my remark, and turning to her sister and Liubov Sergieevna she pointed out separate details—the crooked overhanging stump, and the reflection which particularly pleased her. Sophia Ivanovna said that it was all very beautiful, and that her sister was in the habit of passing several hours at a time here; but it was evident that she only said so to please the Princess. I have observed that people who are endowed with the faculty of love are rarely sensitive to the beauties of nature. Liubov Sergieevna also went into raptures, asking, "What does that birch hold to? Will it stand long?" and she glanced constantly at her Suzette, who ran back and forth across the bridge on her crooked legs, wagging her tail, with an anxious expression, as though for the first time in her life it had chanced to her not to be in a room. Dmitri began a logical argument with his mother, on the point that no view could be very beautiful where the horizon was limited. Varenka said nothing. When I glanced round at her, she was standing leaning on the railing of the bridge, with a profile towards me, and looking straight in front of her. Something probably interested her deeply, and even touched her; for she had evidently forgotten herself, and had no thought for herself or that she was being looked at. Her large eyes were so full of intent observation, of calm, clear thought, her *pose* was so unaffected, and in spite of her short stature there was so much majesty about her, that

I was again struck by what seemed a memory of her, and again I asked myself, "Is it not beginning?" and again I answered myself, that I was already in love with Sonitchka, and that Varenka was simply a young lady, the sister of my friend. But she pleased me at that moment, and I felt in consequence an unbounded desire to do or say to her something unpleasant.

"Do you know, Dmitri," I said to my friend, approaching nearer to Varenka, in order that she might hear what I was about to say, "I think, that, even if there were not any gnats, there would be nothing beautiful about this place; as it is," I added, slapping my forehead, and really crushing a gnat, "it's perfectly dreadful."

"You do not seem to love nature?" said Varenka to me, without turning her head.

"I think it is an idle, useless occupation," I replied, very well satisfied with having said something rather unpleasant, and having been original. Varenka raised her eyebrows in an almost imperceptible manner for a moment, with an expression of pity, and continued to look straight before her as composedly as ever.

I was vexed with her; but in spite of this, the greyish railing of the bridge with its faded paint, upon which she leaned, the reflection in the dark pond of the drooping stump of the overturned birch, which seemed desirous of joining its drooping branches, the odour of the swamp, the feeling of the crushed gnat upon my forehead, and Varenka's attentive gaze and majestic attitude, often presented themselves afterwards quite unexpectedly to my imagination.

CHAPTER XXVII

DMITRI

WHEN we returned home after our walk, Varenka did not wish to sing as she usually did in the evening ; and I had the self-assurance to set it down to my own account, fancying that the cause was what I had said to her on the bridge. The Nekhliudoffs did not have supper, and dispersed early ; and that day, since Dmitri's teeth began to ache, as Sophia Ivanovna had predicted, we went off to his room even earlier than usual. Supposing that I had done all that my blue collar and my buttons required of me, and that I had pleased everybody, I was in an extremely amiable, self-satisfied frame of mind. Dmitri, on the contrary, in consequence of the quarrel and his toothache, was silent and morose. He seated himself at the table, got out his note-books, his diary, and the book in which he was accustomed to write down every evening his past and future occupations, and wrote in them for quite a long time frowning incessantly, and touching his cheek with his hand.

" Oh, leave me in peace ! " he shouted at the maid who had been sent by Sophia Ivanovna to inquire how his teeth were, and if he did not want to make himself a fomentation. After that, telling me that my bed would be ready directly, and that he would retire immediately, he went to Liubov Sergieevna.

" What a pity that Varenka is not pretty, and

particularly that she is not Sonitchka!" I meditated, when I was left alone in the room. "How pleasant it would be to come to them, and offer her my hand, when I leave the university! I should say, 'Princess, I am no longer young; I cannot love passionately; but I shall always love you like a dear sister.' 'I already respect you,' I should say to her mother; 'and as for you, Sophia Ivanovna, pray believe that I esteem you highly. Then say simply and plainly, will you be my wife?'—'Yes;' and she will give me her hand, and I shall press it, and say, 'My love is not in words, but in deeds.' Well, and what if Dmitri should all at once fall in love with Liubotchka?" came into my mind—"for Liubotchka is in love with him—and should wish to marry her? Then one of us would not be able to marry. And that would be capital. Then this is what I should do. I should immediately perceive it, say nothing, but go to Dmitri, and say, 'It is in vain, my friend, that we have tried to keep secrets from each other. You know that my love for your sister will end only with my life; but I know all, you have deprived me of my best hope, you have rendered me unhappy; but do you know how Nikolai Irteneff revenges himself for the unhappiness of his whole life? Here is my sister for you,' and I should give him Liubotchka's hand. He would say, 'No, not on any terms!' and I should say, 'Prince Nekhliudoff, in vain do you endeavour to be more magnanimous than Nikolai Irteneff. There is not a more magnanimous man in the world than he.' Then I should bow and retire. Dmitri and Liubotchka would run after me in tears, and beseech me to accept their sacrifice—and I might consent and be very happy if I were only in love with Varenka." These dreams were so agreeable that I wanted very much to communicate them to my friend; but in spite of our mutual vow of frankness, I felt that for some reason it was physically impossible to say it.

Dmitri returned from Liubov Sergieevna, with something on his tooth which she had given him, in still greater suffering, and consequently still more gloomy. My bed was not ready yet; and a little boy, Dmitri's servant, came to ask him where I was to sleep.

"Go to the devil!" shouted Dmitri, stamping his foot. "Vaska, Vaska, Vaska!" he cried as soon as the boy was gone, raising his voice at each repetition—"Vaska, make me up a bed on the floor."

"No, it will be better for me to lie on the floor," said I.

"Well, it's no matter: make it up somewhere," went on Dmitri in the same angry tone. "Vaska! why don't you spread it down?"

But Vaska evidently did not understand what was wanted of him, and stood motionless.

"Well, what's the matter with you? Make it! make it! Vaska, Vaska!" shouted Dmitri, suddenly flying into a kind of fury.

But Vaska, still not comprehending, and becoming frightened, did not move.

"So you have sworn to mur—to drive me mad?" and, springing from his chair, Dmitri flew at the boy, and struck several blows with his fist upon the head of Vaska, who ran headlong from the room. Halting at the door, Dmitri glanced at me; and the expression of rage and cruelty which his face had borne for a moment changed into such a gentle, shamefaced, and affectionately childish expression, that I was sorry for him. But, much as I wanted to turn away, I could not make up my mind to do it. He said nothing to me, but paced the room for a long time, glancing at me from time to time with the same look which besought forgiveness, then took a note-book from the table, wrote something in it, pulled off his coat, folded it carefully, went to the corner where the images hung, crossed his large white hands upon his breast, and began to pray.

He prayed so long, that Vaska had time to fetch a mattress, and spread it on the floor as I directed him in a whisper to do. I undressed, and lay down upon the bed thus prepared on the floor; but Dmitri still continued to pray. As I glanced at Dmitri's somewhat bent back, and at the soles of his feet, which were presented to me in a rather submissive way when he prostrated himself on the earth, I loved Dmitri still more strongly than before, and I kept thinking, "Shall I or shall I not tell him what I have been dreaming about our sisters?" Having finished his prayer, Dmitri lay down beside me on the bed; and, supporting himself on his elbow, he looked at me long and silently with a steady affectionate gaze. It was evidently painful for him, but he seemed to be punishing himself. I smiled as I looked at him. He smiled also.

"Why don't you tell me," said he, "that I have acted abominably? Of course you thought it at once."

"Yes," I answered—although I had been thinking of something else, but it seemed to me that I had really thought it—"yes, it was not nice at all; I did not expect it of you," said I, experiencing a special satisfaction at the moment in addressing him as *thou*. "Well, how are your teeth?" I added.

"The pain has passed off. Ah, Nikolinka, my friend," broke out Dmitri so affectionately, that stars seemed to stand in his sparkling eyes, "I know and feel that I am wicked; and God sees how I desire to be better, and how I beseech Him to make me better. But what am I to do if I have such a wretched, repulsive character? what am I to do? I try to restrain myself, to reform myself; but all at once this becomes impossible, and impossible to me alone. I need someone to support, to help me. There is Liubov Sergieevna, she understands me, and has helped me a great deal in this. I know by my journal that I have improved a great deal during the last year. Ah, Nikolinka, my soul!"

he continued with peculiar, unaccustomed tenderness, and a tone that was already quieter after this confession, "how much the influence of a woman like her means! My God! how good it will b when I am independent with such a companion as her! I am a totally different man with her."

And then Dmitri began to unfold to me his plans for marriage, country life, and constant toil.

"I shall live in the country. You will come to me, perhaps; and you will be married to Sonitchka," said he. "Our children will play together. Of course this all sounds ridiculous and stupid, but it may come to pass nevertheless."

"The idea! it is extremely possible," said I, smiling, and thinking at the same time that it would be much better still if I were married to his sister.

"I am going to tell you something,do you know?" said he, after a short silence: "you are only imagining that you are in love with Sonitchka, but it's nonsense, I can see it; and you do not yet know what the genuine feeling is like."

I made no reply, because I almost agreed with him. We remained silent for a while.

"You surely have observed that I have been in an abominable temper again to-day, and quarrelled in an ugly way with Varya. It was frightfully disagreeable for me afterwards, especially because it was before you. Although she thinks of many things in a way she should not, she's a splendid girl, and very good when you come to know her more intimately."

His change of the conversation from the statement that I was not in love, to praises of his sister, rejoiced me greatly, and made me blush: nevertheless, I said nothing to him about his sister, and we went on talking of something else.

Thus we chatted away until the second cock-crow, and the pale dawn had already peeped in at the window, when Dmitri went to his own bed, and extinguished the light.

"Well, now for sleep," said he.

"Yes," I answered, "but one word more."

"Well?"

"Is it good to live in this world?"

"It is good to live in this world," he responded in such a voice, that it seemed to me that even in the dark I could see the expression of his merry, affectionate eyes and childlike smile.

CHAPTER XXVIII

IN THE COUNTRY

THE next day Volodya and I set off for the country, with post-horses. As I went over all my Moscow memories in my mind on the way, I remembered Sonitchka Valakhina, but only in the evening, when we had travelled five stages. "But it is strange," thought I, "that I am in love, and quite forgot it; I must think of her." And I did begin to think of her, as one thinks while travelling, incoherently but intently; and I meditated to such a degree, that I considered it indispensable, for some reason or other, to appear sad and thoughtful for two days after our arrival in the country, before all the household, and especially in the presence of Katenka, whom I regarded as a great connoisseur in matters of this sort, and to whom I gave a hint of the condition in which I found my heart. But in spite of all my attempts at dissimulation with others and with myself, in spite of my deliberate assumption of all the signs which I had observed in people in an enamoured condition, still in the course of those two days I could not constantly bear in mind that I was in love, but remembered it chiefly in the evening; and finally I fell into the new round of country life and occupations so quickly that I quite forgot about my love for Sonitchka.

We arrived at Petrovskoe at night; and I was

sleeping so soundly that I saw neither the house nor the birch avenue, nor any of the household, who had already retired and had long been asleep. Old bent Foka, barefooted, and wrapped in a kind of woman's wadded dressing-gown, with a candle in his hand, shoved back the door-fastenings for us. He quivered with joy on beholding us, kissed us on the shoulder, hastily gathered up his felt rug, and began to dress himself. I traversed the vestibule and staircase without being thoroughly awake; but in the ante-room the lock on the door, the bolt, the crooked boards, the clothes-press, the ancient candlestick spotted with tallow as of old, the shadow on the walls from the recently lighted candle in the image-lamp, the always dusty double window which was never cleaned, behind which, as I remembered, there grew a mountain-ash tree—all these were so familiar, so full of memories, so harmonious, as though united together in one thought, that I suddenly felt upon me the caress of this dear old house. The question involuntarily presented itself to me, "How could we, the house and I, go on without each other so long?" and I ran in haste to see whether these were the same rooms. Everything was the same, only everything had grown smaller, lower. But the house received me joyously into its embrace just as I was; and every floor, every window, every step of the stairs, every sound, awakened in me a world of forms, feelings, occurrences of the happy past, which would never return. We went to the bedroom of our childhood: all my childish terrors were hiding again in the darkness of the corners and doors. We went into the drawing-room: the same gentle motherly love was diffused over every object which was in the room. We went to the hall: it seemed as though boisterous, careless childish mirth had lingered in this apartment, and was only waiting to be revivified. In the boudoir, whither Foka led us and

he had made up beds for us, it seemed as if everything—the mirror, the screen, the ancient wooden image, every inequality of the walls covered with white paper—all spoke of suffering, of death, of that which would never exist again.

We lay down, and Foka left us after wishing us good night.

"Mamma died in this room, surely," said Volodya.

I did not answer him, and pretended to be asleep. If I had said a word, I should have burst out crying. When I awoke the next morning, papa, not yet dressed, was sitting on Volodya's bed, in his dressing-gown, smoking a cigar and chatting and laughing with him. He sprang up from Volodya with a merry bound, came up to me, and, slapping me on the back with his large hand, he presented his cheek to me, and pressed it to my lips.

"Well, capital; thanks, diplomat," said he with his own peculiar caress, gazing at me with his small, twinkling eyes. "Volodya says that you got through well, young fellow: that's glorious. You're a fine little fellow when you determine not to be stupid. Thanks, my friend. We shall live very pleasantly here now, and shall go to St. Petersburg for the winter; only it's a pity that the hunting is over, for it might have amused you. Still, there is shooting, Waldemar; there's any quantity of game, and I will go with you myself some day. If it be God's will, we shall go to St. Petersburg for the winter; you shall see people, and make connections. You are grown up now, my children, and I was just telling Waldemar that you now stand on the road, and my task is over: you can walk alone. But if you want to confer with me, to ask advice, I am no longer your daddy, but your friend and comrade, and counsellor, whenever I can be of use, and nothing more. How does

that suit your philosophy, Koko? Heh? is it good or bad? heh?"

Of course I answered that it was capital, and I really thought it so. Papa had a peculiarly fascinating, merry, happy expression that day; and these novel relations with me, as with an equal, a companion, made me love him more than ever.

"Now tell me, did you call on all our relatives, and on the Ivins? Did you see the old man? What did he say to you?" he continued to interrogate me. "Did you go to see Prince Ivan Ivanitch?"

And we chatted so long before dressing, that the sun had already begun to desert the windows of the divan-room; and Jakov, who was just exactly as old as ever, and twisted his fingers behind his back and spoke just the same as ever, came to our room, and announced to papa that the calash was ready.

"Where are you going?" I asked papa.

"Ah, I had nearly forgotten," said papa with a twitch and cough of vexation. "I promised to go to the Epifanoff's to-day. Do you remember the Epifanova, *la belle Flamande?* She used to visit your mamma. They are very nice people," and papa left the room twitching his shoulders in embarrassment, as it seemed to me.

Liubotchka had come to the door several times during our chat, and inquired, "Can I come in?" but each time papa shouted to her through the door, that it "was utterly impossible, because we were not dressed."

"What's the harm? I've seen you in your dressing-gown."

"It's impossible for you to see your brothers without their drawers on," he shouted to her. "If each of them knocks on the door 'good morning' to you, will you be satisfied? Knock, boys! It is too improper, Liubotchka, for them to speak to you in such *negligé*."

"Ah, how unbearable you are! At all events, do come to the drawing-room as quickly as possible. Mimi wants so much to see you!" called Liubotchka outside the door.

As soon as papa went away I dressed myself as quickly as possible in my student's coat, and went to the drawing-room. Volodya, on the contrary, did not hurry himself, but sat upstairs for a long time, talking with Jakov about the places to find snipe and woodcock. As I have already said, there was nothing in the world which he dreaded so much as sentiment with his brother, his sister, or papa, as he expressed it; and, in avoiding every expression of feeling, he fell into the other extreme—coldness—which often hurt the feelings of people who did not understand its cause. In the ante-room I met papa, who was on his way to the carriage with short, brisk steps. He had on his fashionable new Moscow coat, and he was redolent of perfume. When he caught sight of me, he nodded gaily, as much as to say, "You see, isn't it fine?" and again I was struck by the happy expression of his eyes, which I had already observed that morning.

The drawing-room was the same bright, lofty apartment, with the yellowish English grand piano, and the great open windows, through which the green trees and the yellowish-red paths of the garden peeped gaily. Having kissed Mimi and Liubotchka, it suddenly occurred to me as I approached Katenka, that it was not proper to kiss her; and I came to a standstill, silent and blushing. Katenka, who was not at all embarrassed, offered me her white hand, and congratulated me on my entrance to the university. When Volodya entered the room, the same thing happened to him at the sight of Katenka. In fact, it was hard to decide, after having grown up together, and having been in the habit of seeing each other every day during all that time, how

we ought to meet now after our first separation. Katenka blushed far more deeply than I had done. Volodya, however, suffered no embarrassment, and after bowing slightly to her, walked up to Liubotchka, with whom he talked a little, but not seriously; then he went off somewhere for a solitary walk.

CHAPTER XXIX

OUR RELATIONS WITH THE GIRLS

VOLODYA had such queer views about the girls, that he could interest himself in the questions : were they fat ? had they slept enough ? were they properly dressed ? did they make mistakes in French which he should be ashamed of before strangers ? But he never admitted the idea that they could think or feel anything human, and still less did he admit the idea that it was possible to discuss anything with them. When they chanced to have occasion to appeal to him with any serious question (which, however, they already endeavoured to avoid), if they asked his opinion about a novel or his occupations at the university, he made a face at them, and walked off in silence, or answered with some mutilated French phrase, such as *comme ci tri joli** and the like ; or, putting on a serious and thoughtfully stupid face, he uttered some words which had no sense or connection at all with the question, lowered his eyelids all of a sudden, and said, *bread*, or *gone away*, or *cabbage*, or something of the kind. When I chanced to repeat to him these words which Liubotchka or Katenka had reported to me, he always said :

" Hm ! so you still discuss matters with them ? Yes, I see you are still in a bad way."

*Comme c'est très joli.

In order to appreciate the profound contempt expressed in this phrase it was necessary one should hear the latter. Volodya had been grown up for two years now; he was constantly falling in love with every pretty woman that he met: but although he saw Katenka every day (she had worn long dresses for two years, and grew prettier every day), the idea of the possibility of falling in love with her never entered his head. Whether this arose from the prosaic recollections of childhood—the ruler, her simplicity, her caprices, were still too fresh in his memory; or from the repugnance which very young people have for everything that belongs to their own home; or from the general human weakness, which, when one meets a good or a very beautiful thing at the beginning of one's career, induces one to pass it by, saying, "Eh! I shall meet many such in the course of my life"—at all events, up to this time Volodya had not looked upon Katenka as a woman.

Volodya was evidently very much bored all that summer. His ennui proceeded from his scorn for us, which, as I have said, he did not attempt to hide. The expression of his face constantly implied, "Fu! how tiresome! there's nobody to talk to."—Perhaps he would start off shooting in the morning with his gun, or would read a book in his room, without dressing himself, until dinner. If papa was not at home, he even brought his book to the table, and went on reading, without exchanging a syllable with any of us, which made us feel guilty of something or other towards him. In the evening, too, he lay with his feet on the sofa in the drawing-room, and slept with his head resting on his hand, or invented the strangest nonsense, which was at times even improper, and lied with a serious face, which made Mimi grow angry, and turn red all over, while we were dying with laughter; but he never condescended to talk seriously with any member

of our family except papa, and, once in a while, with me. I quite involuntarily aped my brother in his views about the girls, although I was not so much afraid of sentiment as he was, and my contempt for the girls was far from being so deep and firmly rooted. I even made several attempts that summer, out of ennui, to enter into closer relations with Liubotchka and Katenka, and converse with them; but on every occasion I found such an absence of the capacity for logical thought, and such ignorance of the simplest, most ordinary things, such as, for example, what money was, what was taught at the university, what war is, and so on, and such indifference to the explanations of all these things, that these attempts only served to confirm me in my unfavourable opinion of them.

I remember how, one evening, Liubotchka was repeating some intolerably tiresome passage for the hundredth time on the piano. Volodya was lying dozing on the sofa in the drawing-room, and muttering at intervals with a certain malicious irony, but without addressing himself to anyone in particular, "Ai! there she pounds away; she's a musician, a *Beethoven* (this name he uttered with special irony), that's clever, now once more, that's it," and so on. Katenka and I were still at the tea-table, and I do not remember how Katenka led the conversation to her favourite topic—love. I was in a mood to philosophize, and I began in a lofty way to define love as the desire to acquire in another that which you lacked yourself, and so forth. But Katenka retorted, that, on the contrary, it was not love, if a girl contemplated marrying a rich man, and that, in her opinion, property was the most worthless of all things, and the only genuine love was that which can endure separation (I understood by this, that she was hinting at her love for Dubkoff). Volodya, who must have overheard our conversa-

tion, raised himself on his elbow, and cried interrogatively, "*Kamenka Russkikh?*"

"Oh, your eternal nonsense!" said Katenka.

"*V pereschnitzu?*"* went on Volodya, emphasizing each vowel. And I could not but think that Volodya was quite right.

Entirely separate from the general qualities of intelligence, sensibility, and artistic feeling, there is a private quality which is more or less developed in various circles of society, and especially in families, which I call *understanding*. The essential point of this quality consists in a certain feeling of proportion which has been agreed upon, and in an accepted, one-sided view of subjects. Two men of the same circle, or of the same family, who possess this quality, can always allow their expression of feeling to reach a certain point beyond which both of them foresee what follows. At one and the same moment they perceive where praise ends and irony begins, where enthusiasm ends and dissimulation begins; while, with people of another understanding, it may appear quite otherwise. For people with one understanding, every object which they have in common presents itself chiefly through its ridiculous, its beautiful, or its foul side. In order to render more easy this identity of comprehension, there arises, among people of a certain circle or family, a tongue of its own, certain terms of speech, certain words even, which denote those shades of meaning which do not exist for other people. In our family, this understanding was developed to the highest degree between papa and us two brothers. Dubkoff also had fitted our little circle pretty well, and *understood;* but Dmitri, although much cleverer than he, was stupid on this point. But in no case was this faculty developed to such a

*As will be seen from what follows, these words are nonsense, and make as much sense untranslated as they would if an arbitrary meaning were assigned to them.

pitch of refinement as between Volodya and myself, who had grown up under identical conditions. Papa was already far behind us, and much that was as clear to us as " twice two " was incomprehensible to him. For instance, Volodya and I had agreed, God knows why, upon the following words having particular meanings : *Insect* signified a vainglorious desire to boast of the possession of money ; *a bump* (one's fingers had to be joined, and special emphasis placed on two of the consonants while pronouncing the word) signified something fresh, healthy, elegant, but not foppish ; a noun employed in the plural signified unreasonable passion for the object ; and so forth. Moreover, the meaning depended on the expression of one's countenance, and on the general sense of the conversation ; so that, whatever new expression one of us invented for a new shade of meaning, the other understood it exactly in that sense at the first hint. The girls did not the same understanding, and this was the chief cause of our moral solitude, and of the scorn which we felt for them.

Perhaps they had an *understanding* of their own ; but it was so unlike ours, that, where we beheld a phrase, they saw a sentiment : our irony was truth to them, and so forth. But I did not understand at the same time that they were not to blame in this respect, and that this lack of comprehension did not prevent them from being very good and clever girls ; I despised them, and having, moreover, hit upon the idea of frankness, and carrying the application of it to extreme in my own case, I accused Liubotchka, with her peaceful, trusting nature, of secrecy, because she saw no necessity for digging up and examining all her thoughts and spiritual instincts. For example, it seemed to me all excessive hypocrisy when Liubotchka made the sign of the cross over papa every night, and when she and Katenka

wept in the chapel when they went to hear the mass for mamma's soul, and when Katenka sighed and rolled her eyes when she played on the piano; and I asked myself, When had they learnt to dissimulate thus like grown-up people, and why were they not ashamed of themselves?

CHAPTER XXX

MY OCCUPATIONS

IN spite of this, I came into closer relations with our young ladies that summer than in other years, by reason of a passion for music which had made its appearance in me. That spring, a young man, a neighbour, who came to call upon us in the country, had no sooner entered the drawing-room than he began to gaze at the piano, and to move his chair imperceptibly towards it as he conversed, among others, with Mimi and Katenka. Having discussed the weather, and the pleasures of country life, he skilfully led the conversation to tuners, to music, and to the piano, and finally he announced that he played; and very soon he had executed three waltzes, while Liubotchka, Mimi and Katenka stood around the piano and looked at him. This young man never came again; but his playing pleased me extremely, and his attitude at the piano, and the way he shook his hair, and, in particular, the manner in which he took octaves with his left hand, swiftly extending his thumb and little finger over the space of the octave, then slowly drawing them away, and again briskly extending them. This graceful gesture, his careless *pose*, the way he tossed his hair, and the attention which our ladies paid to his talent, inspired me with the idea of playing on the piano. Having convinced myself, in consequence of this idea, that I had talent and a passion for music, I under-

took to learn. In this respect, I behaved like millions of the male and especially of the female sex, who study without a good teacher, without a real vocation, and without the slightest comprehension of what art can give, and of how necessary it is to apply oneself to it so that it may yield something. Music, or rather playing on the piano, was for me a means of captivating girls through their feelings. With the help of Katenka, who taught me my notes and broke my thick fingers in a little, in which process, by the way, I passed two months full of such zeal that I even exercised my disobedient fourth finger on my knee at dinner and on my pillow in bed, I at once began to play *pieces*, and played them, of course, soulfully (*avec âme*), as even Katenka confessed, but utterly out of time.

The choice of pieces was familiar—waltzes, galops, romances, arrangements, and so forth—all by those pleasing composers of which any man possessed of a little healthy taste will select a little pile for you from the heaps of very beautiful things in the music-shops, and say, " These are what you must not play, because nothing worse, more tasteless, and more senseless was ever written on music-paper ; " and which you find upon the pianoforte of every young Russian lady, probably for that very reason. We had, it is true, the unhappy " Sonate Pathétique," and Beethoven's sonatas in C-minor, which are for ever being murdered by young ladies, and which Liubotchka played in memory of mamma, and other fine things, which her Moscow teacher had given her ; but there were also compositions by this teacher, absurd marches and galops, which Liubotchka played as well. Katenka and I did not like serious things, and preferred, to everything else, " Le Fou " and the " Nightingale," which Katenka played in such a manner that her fingers were not visible. As for myself, I already began to play quite connectedly, and I acquired the

young man's gestures, and often mourned because there were no strangers to look on when I was playing. But Liszt and Kalkbrenner soon proved beyond my powers ,and I perceived the impossibility of overtaking Katenka. Fancying, in consequence of this, that classical music was easier, and partly for the sake of originality, I all at once came to the conclusion that I liked learned German music, and began to go into raptures, when Liubotchka played the "Sonate Pathétique," although, to tell the truth, this sonata had long ago excited my extreme disgust. I began to play Beethoven myself, and to pronounce the name *Beethoven*. But in all this muddle and hypocrisy, as I now recall, there was something in the nature of talent in me, for music often produced on me an effect sufficiently powerful to call forth tears, and the things which pleased me I could succeed in playing upon the piano without notes; so that, if anyone had then taught me to look upon music as an end, as an independent enjoyment, and not as a means of fascinating girls by the swiftness and sentiment of my execution, I might, perhaps, have actually become a very respectable musician.

The perusal of French romances, of which Volodya had brought down a great many, was another of my occupations during this summer. At that time "Monte Cristo" and various "Mysteries" had just begun to make their appearance; and I buried myself in the romances of Sue, Dumas, and Paul de Kock. All the most unnatural personages and occurrences were as living for me as reality; and I not only did not dare to suspect the author of lying, but the author himself did not even exist for me, but living, acting people and adventures appeared before me out of the printed book. If I had never anywhere met people like those I read about, still I did not for a second doubt their *existence*.

I discovered in myself all the passions which were

described, and a likeness to all the characters, and to the heroes and the villains of every romance, as a sensitive man finds in himself all the symptoms of all possible diseases when he reads a medical book. What pleased me in these romances was the artful thoughts and fiery sentiments, the genuine characters : the good man was thoroughly good, the bad man was as thoroughly bad : exactly as I fancied people were in my early youth. It pleased me very, very much, that this was all in French, and that I could remember and quote, on the occasion of a noble deed, the magnanimous words uttered by the noble heroes. How many different French phrases I concocted with the aid of those romances, for Kolpikoff if I should ever encounter him again, and for *her*, when I should at length meet her, and declare my love to her ! I prepared such things to say to them, that they would have died on hearing me. On the foundation of these novels I even constructed new ideas of the moral worth which I wished to attain to. Most of all, I desired to be "noble" in all my deeds and behaviour (I say noble, and not *blagorodnuii*, because the French word has another meaning, which the Germans understood when they adopted the word *nobel*,* and did not confound it with *ehrlich*) ; next to be *passionate ;* and lastly, to be what I already had an inclination to be, as *comme il faut* as possible. I even endeavoured to resemble, in my personal appearance and habits, the heroes who possessed any of these qualities. I remember that in one, out of the hundreds of novels which I read that summer, there was an excessively passionate hero, with thick eyebrows ; and I so much desired to be like him externally (I felt myself to be exactly like him morally), that, as I examined my eyebrows in the mirror, it occurred to me to cut them a little, in order that

**Nobel* means noble, generous. *Ehrlich* signifies honest, honourable, faithful, and so forth.

they might grow thicker ; but when I began to cut them I chanced to cut too much away in one place. I had to trim it down evenly ; and when that was accomplished I looked in the glass, and beheld myself, to my horror, without any eyebrows, and consequently very ugly indeed. However, I took comfort in the hope that my eyebrows would soon grow out thick, like the passionate man's, and was only disturbed as to what our family would say when they should see me without my eyebrows. I got some powder from Volodya, rubbed it on my eyebrows, and set fire to it. Although the powder did not flash up, I was sufficiently like a person who has been burned. No one suspected my trick, and my brows really did grow out much thicker after I had forgotten the passionate man.

CHAPTER XXXI

COMME IL FAUT

SEVERAL times already, in the course of this narrative, I have referred to the idea corresponding to this French heading; and now I feel the necessity of devoting a whole chapter to this idea, which was one of the most false and pernicious with which I was inoculated by education and society.

The human race may be separated into many classes—into rich and poor, good and bad, soldiers and civilians, into clever people and stupid, and so on. But every man, without exception, has his own favourite principal subdivisions under which he mechanically classes each new individual. My chief and favourite subdivision of people, at the time of which I write, was into people who were *comme il faut*, and people who were *comme il ne faut pas*. The second class was again subdivided into people who were simply not *comme il faut*, and the common people. People who were *comme il faut*, I considered worthy of holding equal intercourse with me; as for the second class, I pretended to despise them, but in reality I hated them, and cherished towards them a certain sense of personal injury; the third did not exist for me—I scorned them utterly. *My comme il faut* consisted first and chiefly in an excellent knowledge of the French tongue, and a good pronunciation in particular. A man who did not pronounce French well instantly

awakened a feeling of hatred in me. "Why do you want to talk like us, when you don't know how?" I asked him mentally, with biting irony. The second condition of *comme il faut* was long, clean, polished finger-nails; a third was a knowledge of how to bow, dance, and converse; a fourth, and very important one, was indifference to everything, and the constant expression of a certain elegant, scornful *ennui*. Besides these, I had general indications, by means of which I decided without having spoken to a man, to which class he belonged. The chief of these, besides the arrangement of his room, his seal, his handwriting, and his equipage, was his feet. The relations of his boots to his trousers immediately settled the status of the man in my eyes. Boots without heels, with pointed toes, and trousers narrow at the bottom and without straps, were *common;* while boots with round, narrow toes and high heels, and trousers narrow below with straps surrounding the feet, or wide with straps and arching over the toes like canopies, were in bad style; and so on.

It is strange that this idea should have been so deeply rooted in me, as I was decidedly disqualified to be *comme il faut*. But perhaps the very reason that it took such deep root in me was because it cost me vast labour to acquire this *comme il faut*. It is fearful to recall how much of my priceless time at the best period of life, sixteen, I wasted in the acquirement of this quality. It all seemed to come easily to all those whom I imitated—Volodya, Dubkoff, and the greater part of my acquaintances. I gazed at them with envy, and laboured secretly at the French tongue, at the art of bowing, without regard to the person I bowed to, at conversation, at dancing, at cultivating indifference and ennui, at my finger-nails—often cutting my flesh with the scissors—and all the while I felt that much labour was required before I should attain my object. But as for my room, my writing-table, my equipage

—all these I did not in the least know how to arrange in such a manner that they should be *comme il faut*, although I duly strove to attend to them in spite of my repugnance to practical matters. But it seemed as though all these troubles were settled excellently by everyone else, and as though it could not be otherwise. I remember, once, after arduous and fruitless labour over my nails, asking Dubkoff, whose nails were wonderfully fine, whether they had long been so, and how he managed it. Dubkoff replied, "I have never done anything, so far as I can remember, to make them so, and I don't understand how any nice man can have any other kind of nails." This answer wounded me deeply. I did not then know that one of the chief conditions of being *comme il faut* is secrecy with regard to the labours with which that *comme il faut* is obtained. *Comme il faut* was not only a great merit, in my opinion, a very fine quality, a perfection which I desired to attain, but it was the indispensable condition in life, without which there could be neither happiness, nor glory, nor anything good in the world. I should not have respected a renowned artist, or a *savant*, or even a benefactor of the human race, if he had not been *comme il faut*. The man who was *comme il faut* stood incomparably higher than they; he allowed them the liberty of painting pictures, writing music and books, of doing good; he even praised them for so doing, for why should not good be praised, in whatever it consisted? but he could not stand on one level with them: he was *comme il faut*, and they were not, and that was enough. It even seems to me that if we had had a brother, a mother, or a father who was not *comme il faut*, I should have said it was a misfortune, but that there could be nothing in common between them and me. But neither the loss of golden time, employed in constant worry over the observation of all the conditions of *comme il faut* which were so perplexing

to me, which excluded every serious interest, nor the hatred and contempt for nine-tenths of the human race, nor the lack of attention to all the fine deeds which took place outside the circle of the *comme il faut*—this was not the chief harm which this idea did me. The chief harm consisted in the conviction that *comme il faut* is a fixed position in society; that a man need not exert himself to become either an official or a cartwright, a soldier or a *savant*, if he is *comme il faut*; that, having once attained this state, he has fulfilled his vocation, and has even placed himself above the level of the majority of mankind.

At a certain period of adolescence, after many blunders and distractions, every man, as a rule, feels the necessity of taking an active part in social life, selects some branch of industry, and devotes himself to it; but this rarely happens with a man *comme il faut*. I have known, and I still know, many, very many old people who are proud, self-confident, sharp in their judgments, who, if the question were put to them in the other world, "Who are you? What have you done there below?" would not be able to return any other answer than, "*Je fus un homme très comme il faut*" (I was a thoroughly genteel man).

This fate awaited me.

CHAPTER XXXII

YOUTH

NOTWITHSTANDING the jumble of ideas which passed through my brain, I was young that summer, innocent, free, and therefore almost happy. Sometimes, and tolerably often, too, I rose early. (I slept in the open air on the terrace, and the brilliant, oblique rays of the morning sun awakened me.) I dressed myself rapidly, took a towel and a volume of French romance under my arm, and went for a bath in the river, under the shadow of a birch grove, which was half a verst distant from the house. Then I stretched myself out upon the grass in the shade, raising my eyes now and then from my book to glance at the surface of the river, which purpled in the shadows as it began to undulate beneath the morning breeze; at the field of yellowing rye on the opposite shore; and at the bright-red morning rays of light, which tinged lower and ever lower the trunks of the beeches, which, hiding one behind the other, retreated from me into the fresh depths of the wood: and I enjoyed the consciousness of having within myself the same fresh young force of life which breathed forth from nature all about me. When tiny grey morning clouds filled the heavens, and I shivered after my bath, I often set out on a pathless tramp across forest and meadow, wetting my boots through and through with delight in the fresh dew. At that time, I

indulged in vivid dreams of heroes from the last romance I had read, and fancied myself now a colonel, now a minister, then a wonderfully strong man, then a man of passions ; and I kept glancing round incessantly, in some trepidation, in the hope of suddenly meeting *her* somewhere in some meadow, or behind some tree. When, in the course of such wanderings, I came across some peasants or peasant women at work, although the *common people* did not exist for me, I always experienced a powerful, involuntary emotion, and tried not to let them see me. When it had become hot, but our ladies had not yet made their appearance for tea, I often went into the orchard or the garden, to eat whatever vegetables and fruits were ripe. And this occupation furnished me with one of my chief pleasures. In the apple-orchard, perhaps you have crept into the very midst of a tall, thick, overgrown raspberry-bush. Overhead is the hot, clear sky ; all around is the pale-green, thorny verdure of the raspberry-bush, mingled with weeds. The dark-green nettle, with its thin, flowery crest, stretches gracefully upwards ; the claw-like burdock, with its unnatural, prickly, purple flowers, grows rankly above the raspberry-bush and higher than your head, and here and there, in company with the nettle, reaches even to the luxuriantly drooping, pale-green boughs of the old apple-tree, high up upon which, close to the hot sun, apples, round, shining as though made of bone, but still immature, are ripening. Below, a young raspberry-bush, leafless and almost dry, twists and turns as it stretches out towards the sun ; needle-like spears of grass thrust themselves between the last year's dead leaves, and all, besprinkled with dew, grow green and rich in the eternal shade, as though they did not know how brightly the sun is playing on the apple trees.

In this thicket, it is always damp : it is redolent of dense and constant shade, of spiders' webs and

windfalls of apples, which already lie blackening upon the rotting earth; of raspberries, and sometimes of wood-lice, which you swallow unwittingly with your berry—after which, you eat another as speedily as possible. As you advance, you frighten the sparrows who always dwell in this thicket; you hear their anxious twittering, and the beating of their swift, tiny wings against the branches; you hear in one spot the hum of the wasp, and, somewhere on the paths, the footstep of the gardener, of Akim the little fool, and his perpetual purring to himself; you think to yourself, "No! neither he nor anyone in the world can find me here." With both hands, you pick the juicy berries right and left from their white, conical stalks, and swallow them with delight one after the other. Your legs are wet through, far above the knee; your head is full of some frightful nonsense or other (you repeat mentally, a thousand times in succession, "A-a-n-d to-oo-o twen-ty-y-y, a-a-n-d to-oo-o se-e-v-ee-en"); your arms and legs are dripping; your trousers are stinging hot with nettles; the perpendicular rays of the sun, which have penetrated the thicket, begin to burn your head; your desire to eat has long since vanished, and you sit on in the wilderness, and listen and look and meditate, and mechanically pull off and swallow still more berries.

I generally went to the drawing-room at eleven, usually after tea, when the ladies were already seated at their work. Near to the first window, curtained with a blind of unbleached linen, through a crevice of which the brilliant sun casts such dazzling, fiery circles on everything which comes in its way that it pains the eyes to look at them, stands the embroidery-frame, over whose white linen the flies promenade peacefully. At the frame sits Mimi, shaking her head incessantly, in an angry manner, and moving from place to place to escape the sun, which suddenly breaking through

somewhere or other, casts a burning streak of light now on her hand, now on her face. Through the other three windows it falls, with the shadows of the frames, in full, brilliant, square patches. Upon one of these, on the unpainted floor of the drawing-room, lies Milka, from ancient habit, and pricks up her ears and watches the flies as they walk about over the square of light. Katenka knits or reads, as she sits on the sofa, and flourishes her white hands, which seem transparent in the bright light, or impatiently shakes her head, with a frown, in order to drive off the flies which have crawled into her thick golden locks and are fluttering there. Liubotchka either paces up and down in the room, with her hands behind her, waiting until they all go into the garden, or else plays some piece upon the piano, with every note of which I have long been familiar. I seat myself somewhere and listen to the music or the reading, and wait until I can sit down to the piano myself. After dinner I occasionally condescended to ride on horseback with the girls (I considered walking exercise unsuitable to my age and position in the world); and our excursions, during which I led them through extraordinary places and ravines, were very pleasant. Sometimes we had adventures, in which I exhibited great bravery, and the ladies praised my riding and my daring, and regarded me as their protector. In the evening, if there are no visitors, after tea, which we drank in the shady veranda, and a stroll with papa to see to the business of the estate, I lie down in my old place on the veranda, and read and dream, as of old, as I listen to Katenka's and Liubotchka's music. Sometimes when I am left alone in the drawing-room, and Liubotchka is playing some ancient music, I drop my book, and, gazing through the open door of the balcony at the curling, drooping boughs of the lofty beeches, upon which the shadows of evening are already falling, and at

the pure heavens, in which, if you gaze fixedly, a dusty yellowish spot seems to appear all at once and vanish again ; and lending an ear to the sounds of music from the hall, to the creaking of the gate, the voices of women and the herd returning to the village, I suddenly recall Natalya Savischna with great vividness, and mamma, and Karl Ivanitch, and for a moment I feel sad. But my soul is so full of life and hope at this period, that these memories only brush me with their wings, and soar away.

After supper, and sometimes after a walk by night in the garden with someone—I was afraid to traverse the dark alleys alone—I went off alone to sleep on the floor of the veranda, which afforded me great pleasure, in spite of the millions of gnats by which I was tormented. When the moon was at the full, I often spent whole nights seated on my mattress, gazing at the lights and shadows, listening to the stillness and the noises, dreaming of various subjects, especially of poetic and voluptuous bliss, which then seemed to me to be the highest happiness in life, and grieving because, up to this time, it had been granted to me to imagine it only. Sometimes when all have but just dispersed, and the lights in the drawing-room have been transferred to the upper chambers, where feminine voices, and the sound of windows opening and shutting, have become audible, I betake myself to the gallery, and pace it listening eagerly to all the sounds of the house as it lapses into sleep. So long as there is the smallest, unfounded hope of a bliss, even though incomplete, such as that I dream of, I cannot calmly construct an imaginary bliss for myself.

At every sound of naked feet, at every cough, sigh, touch given to a window, or rustle of a dress I spring from my bed, I hearken like a robber, I peer about, and become agitated without any visible cause. But now the lights disappear in

the upper windows; the sounds of footsteps and conversation are replaced by snores; the night-watchman begins to thump upon his gong; the garden grows more gloomy, and yet brighter, as the streaks of red light from the windows disappear from it; the last candle flits from the pantry to the ante-room, throwing a strip of light upon the dewy garden; and through the window I can see the bent figure of Foka, on his way to bed, clad in a wrapper, and with a candle in his hands. I often took a great and agitating delight in creeping over the damp grass, in the black shadow of the house, approaching the window of the ante-room, and listening, as I held my breath, to the snores of the boy, the groans of Foka, who supposed that no one could hear him, and the sound of his aged voice as he recited prayers for a long, long time. At length his last candle was extinguished, the window was slammed to, and I remained quite alone; and glancing about on all sides, to see whether there was a white woman anywhere, beside the clumps of shrubbery or beside my bed, I hastened to the veranda at a trot. And sometimes I lay on my bed with my face to the garden, and, covering myself as much as possible from the gnats and the bats, I gazed upon the trees, listened to all the sounds of the night, and dreamed of love and bliss.

Then everything acquired another meaning for me; and the sight of the ancient beeches, as their branches on one side shone in the light of the moon-lit heavens, on the other side casting black shadows over the bushes and the road; and the calm gleam of the lake spreading over its increasing ripples; and the moonlight glimmer of dewdrops upon the flowers in front of the veranda, which throw their graceful shadows across the grey beds; and the sound of the snipe beyond the lake; and the voice of a man on the highway; and the quiet, almost inaudible scraping of two old beeches against each other; and the buzzing of a gnat above my

ear and beneath the coverlet; and the fall of an apple which has dropped from a dry bough upon the dry leaves; and the hops of the frogs which sometimes even got as far as the veranda steps, and shone rather mysteriously in the moonlight with their green backs—all this assumed a strange significance for me, the significance of a beauty too great, and of an endless happiness. And then *she* appeared, with a long black braid of hair, a swelling bosom, always sad and very beautiful, with bare arms and voluptuous embraces. She loved me, and for one moment of her love I sacrificed my whole life. But the moon rose higher and higher, brighter and brighter in the sky; the gorgeous gleam of the lake, swelling like a sound, became clearer and clearer; the shadows grew blacker and blacker, the light more and more transparent: and as I looked upon and listened to it all, something told me that *she* with her bare arms and fiery embrace was far, very far from being the whole of happiness, that love for her was far, very far from being all one's bliss; and the more I gazed upon the high, full moon, the more and more lofty, the purer and purer, the nearer and nearer to Him, to the source of all beauty and bliss, did true beauty and bliss seem to me; and tears of an unsatisfied but agitated joy rushed to my eyes.

And still I was alone, and still it seemed to me that this mysteriously magnificent nature, with the bright sphere of the moon which attracts one towards her, and which hangs in a lofty but uncertain spot in the pale blue heavens, and yet appears to be everywhere as though filling immeasurable space, and I, an insignificant worm, already stained with all mean, petty earthly passions, but endowed also with a boundlessly compelling power of imagination and of love—it seemed to me at such moments, as though nature and the moon and I were all one and the same.

CHAPTER XXXIII

NEIGHBOURS

I HAD been very much surprised, the first day we were in the country, that papa should call the Epifanoffs fine people, and still more surprised that he should go to their house. There was a lawsuit of long standing between us and the Epifanoffs. I had heard papa rage over this lawsuit many a time when I was a child, storm at the Epifanoffs, and summon various people to defend him against them, as I understood it; I had heard Jakov call them our enemies, and *serfs* * ; and I remember how mamma requested that no mention of these people might be made in her house or in her presence.

On these data I had constructed for myself, in my childhood, such a fine and clear idea that the Epifanoffs were our *enemies*, who were ready not only to cut papa's throat or to strangle him, but that of his son also if they could catch him, and that they were *black people* in the literal sense of the word, that when I beheld Avdotya Vasilievna Epifanoff, *la belle Flamande*, waiting upon mamma the year she died, it was with difficulty that I could believe that she was one of that family of black people; and I still retained the basest opinion of this family. Although we often met them in the course of this summer, I continued to be strongly prejudiced against the whole family. In reality, this

**Tchernuie liudi*, black people.

was what the Epifanoffs were. The family consisted of the mother, a widow of fifteen years' standing, who was still a fresh and merry old lady, the beautiful daughter Avdotya Vasilievna, and a stuttering son, Piotr Vasilievitch, who was a retired lieutenant, and a bachelor of a very serious character.

Anna Dmitrievna Epifanoff had lived apart from her husband for twenty years before his death, sometimes in Peterburg, where she had relatives, but for the most part in her village of Muitishcha, which was situated at a distance of three versts from us. Such horrors were related in the neighbourhood about her manner of life, that Messalina was an innocent child in comparison with her. In consequence of this, mamma requested that even the name of the Epifanova might not be mentioned in her house; but speaking entirely without irony, it was impossible to believe even a tenth part of the most malicious of all possible scandals—the scandals of neighbours in the country. When I knew Anna Dmitrievna, although she had in the house a peasant business-manager named Mitiuscha, who was always pomaded and curled, and dressed in a coat after the Circassian fashion, and stood behind Anna Dmitrievna's chair at dinner, while she frequently invited her guests in French to admire his handsome eyes and mouth, there was nothing whatever of that which rumour continued to talk about. In fact, it appears that for the last ten years, from the time, indeed, when Anna Dmitrievna had recalled her dutiful son Piotr from the service, she had entirely changed her manner of life.

Anna Dmitrievna's estate was small, a hundred souls in all, and her expenses during her gay life were large, so that ten years before this, of course, the mortgages and double mortgages on her estate had fallen due, and its sale by auction was unavoidable. Fancying in these extremities that the

trusteeship, the inventory of the estate, the arrival of the judge, and such-like unpleasantnesses arose not so much from her failure to pay the interest, as from the fact that she was a woman, Anna Dmitrievna wrote to her son, who was with his regiment, to come to the rescue of his mother in this strait.

Although Piotr Vasilievitch was doing so well in the service that he hoped soon to be earning his own bit of bread, he gave up everything, went on the retired list, and like a respectful son, who considered it as his first duty to comfort his mother's old age (as he wrote with perfect sincerity in his letters), came to the village.

Piotr Vasilievitch, in spite of his homely face, his awkwardness, and his stutter, was a man of very firm principles, and remarkable practical sense. He kept possession of the property by means of small loans, temporizing, prayers, and promises. Having turned property-owner, Piotr Vasilievitch donned his father's fur-lined coat which had been laid up in the storeroom, got rid of his horses and carriages, taught visitors not to come to Muitishcha, dug drains, increased the arable land by diminishing the peasants' allotments, felled his woods and sold them in a businesslike way, and got his affairs into order. Piotr Vasilievitch took a vow, and kept it, that, until all the debts were paid, he would wear no other clothes than his father's *bekescha* (coat), and a canvas paletot which he made for himself, and that he would not ride in any other way than in a telega with the peasants' work-horses He endeavoured to impose this stoical manner of life upon all the family, in so far as his servile respect for his mother, which he considered his duty, permitted. In the drawing-room he stammered, and conducted himself in the most slavish manner towards his mother, fulfilled all her wishes, scolded people if they did not do what Anna Dmitrievna commanded; but in his own study, and in the

office, he called everyone to strict account because a duck had been sent to the table without his orders, or because a muzhik had been sent by Anna Dmitrievna to inquire after some neighbour's health, or because the peasant girls had been sent to the woods for raspberries, instead of being at work weeding the garden.

In the course of three years, all the debts had been paid, and Piotr Vasilievitch returned from a trip to Moscow in new clothes and a tarantass. But in spite of this flourishing state of affairs, he still retained the same stoical proclivities, in which he seemed to take a glowing pride before his own family and strangers; and he often said with a stutter, "Anyone who really wants to see me will be glad to see me in my tulup,* and he will also eat my cabbage-soup and gruel—I eat them," he added. Every word and movement expressed pride founded upon the consciousness that he had sacrificed himself for his mother, and had redeemed the property, and scorn for others because they had done nothing of the sort.

The characters of the mother and daughter were totally unlike this, and they differed from each other in many respects. The mother was one of the most agreeable and cheerful women in society, and always equably good-natured. She really rejoiced in everything that was gay and pleasing. She even possessed, in the highest degree, the capacity of enjoying the sight of young people making merry, which is a trait encountered only in the most good-natured old people. Her daughter, Avdotya Vasilievna, on the contrary, was of a serious character; or, rather, she possessed that peculiarly indifferent, dreamy disposition, united to that utterly uncalled for haughtiness of manner which unmarried beauties generally possess. When she wished to be gay, her mirth proved rather

*Sheepskin coat.

strange, as though she were laughing at herself, at those with whom she spoke, or at all the world, which she assuredly did not mean to do. I often wondered and questioned myself as to what she meant by such phrases as these: "Yes, I am awfully handsome; of course everybody is in love with me," and so on.

Anna Dmitrievna, the mother, was a very active personage. She had a passion for arranging the little house and garden, for flowers, canaries, and pretty things. Her chambers and gardens were not large or luxurious; but everything was so clean, so neatly arranged, and everything bore such a general imprint of that daintily light mirth which a pretty waltz or polka expresses, that the word *toy*, which was often used in commendation by her guests, was particularly suited to Anna Dmitrievna's tiny garden and apartments. And Anna Dmitrievna herself was a toy—small, thin, with a bright complexion, and pretty little hands, always merry, and always becomingly dressed. Only the rather excessively swollen, dark-lilac veins which were traced upon her little hands, did not add to their beauty.

Avdotya Vasilievna, on the contrary, hardly ever did anything, and not only was not fond of busying herself over flowers and dainty trifles, but she occupied herself too little with herself, and always ran off to dress when visitors arrived. But when she returned to the room dressed, she was remarkably pretty, with the exception of the cold expression of her eyes and smile, which is characteristic of all very handsome faces. Her strictly regular and very beautiful face and her stately figure seemed to be constantly saying to you, "You may look at me, if you please."

But notwithstanding the vivacious character of the mother, and the indifferent, dreamy exterior of the daughter, something told us that the former

had never loved anything either now or in times past, except what was pretty and gay ; and that Avdotya Vasilievna was one of those natures which, if they once love, will sacrifice their whole life to the one they love.

CHAPTER XXXIV

FATHER'S MARRIAGE

FATHER was forty-eight years old when he took Avdotya Vasilievna Epifanova for his second wife.

I fancy that when papa came alone, in the spring, to the country, with the girls, he was in that nervously happy and sympathetic state of mind in which gamblers usually are when they have ceased playing after large winnings. He felt that much unexhausted luck yet remained for him, which, if he did not care to employ it any longer on cards, he might expend upon general success in life. Moreover, it was spring ; he was unexpectedly in possession of a good deal of money, was alone, and had nothing to do. In discussing matters with Jakov, and recalling the interminable lawsuit with the Epifanoffs, and the beautiful Avdotya Vasilievna, whom he had not seen for a long time, I can fancy how he said to Jakov, " Do you know, Jakov Kharlamitch, I think it would be better to yield that cursed piece of ground to them than to go on with this suit ; hey ? What do you think ? "

I can imagine how Jakov's fingers twisted a negative behind his back at such a question, and how he proved that " we have right on our side in that business, Piotr Alexandrovitch."

But papa ordered the calash to be got ready, put on his fashionable olive coat, brushed the remains of his hair, sprinkled his handkerchief with perfume, and in the most cheerful frame of mind,

which was inspired in him by the conviction that he was acting in a lordly way, and chiefly by the hope of seeing a pretty woman, he drove off to his neighbours.

I only know that papa, at his visit, did not find Piotr Vasilievitch, who was in the fields; and he passed an hour or two with the ladies. I can imagine how he overflowed with amiability, how he charmed them, as he tapped the floor with his soft boots, whispered, and made sheep's-eyes. I can imagine, too, how the merry little old woman conceived a sudden tender affection for him, and how animated her cold and beautiful daughter became.

When the maid-servant ran panting to announce to Piotr Vasilievitch that old Irteneff himself had come, I can imagine how he answered angrily, "Well, what of it? What has he come for?" and how, in consequence of this, he returned home as quietly as possible, and perhaps even turning in to his study, put on his dirty paletot expressly, and sent word to the cook not to dare, under any circumstances whatever, to make any additions to the dinner, even if the ladies ordered it.

I often saw papa in Epifanoff's company afterwards, so that I can form a vivid idea of that first meeting. I can imagine how, in spite of the fact that papa offered to terminate that suit peacefully, Piotr Vasilievitch was gloomy and angry because he had sacrificed his career to his mother, and papa had done nothing of the sort, and so did not admire him in the least; and how papa, pretending not to see this gloom, was merry and playful, and treated him as a wonderful jester, which at times rather offended Piotr Vasilievitch, though he could not help yielding to him occasionally, against his will. Papa, with his proclivity for turning everything into jest, called Piotr Vasilievitch Colonel, for some reason or other; and in spite of the fact that Epifanoff

once remarked, in my presence, reddening with vexation, and stuttering even worse than usual, that he "was not a co-co-co-co-lonel, but a lieu-lieu-lieu-lieutenant," papa called him Colonel again five minutes afterwards.*

Liubotchka told me, that before our arrival in the village he saw the Epifanoffs every day, and was extremely gay. Papa, with his faculty for arranging everything in a certain original, jesting, and at the same time simple and elegant manner, had got up hunting and fishing parties, and some fireworks, at which the Epifanoffs had been present. And things would have been jollier still, said Liubotchka, if it had not been for that intolerable Piotr Vasilievitch, who pouted and stuttered, and upset everything.

But that is what I contrived to observe during the time that I saw papa with Dunitchka, as mamma had called her. Papa was constantly in that happy mood which had struck me on the day of our arrival. He was so gay and young, and full of life and happiness, that the beams of this happiness spread over all about him, and involuntarily infected them with the same mood. He never went so much as a step apart from Avdotya Vasilievna when she was in the room, and incessantly paid her such sweet compliments, that I felt ashamed for him; or he sat gazing at her in silence, and twitched his shoulders in a passionate and self-satisfied sort of way, and coughed; and sometimes even whispered to her smilingly. All this was done with that expression, that *jesting way*, which was characteristic of him in the most serious matters.

Avdotya Vasilievna, on her side, seemed to have acquired from papa the expression of happiness, which at this period beamed in her great blue eyes

* The touch of probability necessary to allow Irteneff to do this without seeming to intend a direct offence is furnished by the similarity of the first syllables of the words in Russian: *polkovnik* and *porutchik*.

almost constantly, excepting only particular moments when, all of a sudden, such shyness took possession of her that it made me, who was acquainted with the feeling, pained and sorry to look at her. At such moments she visibly feared every glance and movement; it seemed to her as though everyone were staring at her, thinking only of her, and considered everything about her improper. She glanced timidly at all; the colour constantly flooded her face, and retreated from it; and she began to talk loudly and daringly, uttering nonsense for the most part, and she was conscious of it, and conscious that everybody including papa was listening, and then she blushed still more. But in such cases, papa did not even observe the nonsense, but went on coughing as passionately as ever, and gazing at her with joyous rapture. I observed that, although Avdotya's fits of shyness came upon her without any cause, they sometimes immediately followed the mention of some young and beautiful woman in papa's presence. The constant transitions from thoughtfulness to this strange, awkward gaiety of hers, of which I have already spoken, the repetition of papa's favourite words and turns of speech, her way of continuing with other people discussions which had been begun with papa, all this would have explained to me the relations which existed between papa and Avdotya Vasilievna, had the person in question been anyone but my own father, and had I been a little older; but I suspected nothing, even when papa, on receiving in my presence a letter from Piotr Vasilievitch, was very much put out, and ceased his visits to the Epifanoffs until the end of August.

At the end of August, papa again began to visit our neighbours; and on the day before Volodya and I set out for Moscow, he announced to us that he was going to marry Avdotya Vasilievna.

CHAPTER XXXV

HOW WE RECEIVED THE NEWS

EVERYONE in the house had known the fact on the day before the official announcement, and various verdicts had been pronounced on it. Mimi did not leave her room all day, and cried. Katenka sat with her, and only came out to dinner, with an injured expression of countenance which she had evidently borrowed from her mother. Liubotchka, on the contrary, was very cheerful, and said at dinner that she knew a splendid secret which she would not tell anyone.

"There's nothing splendid in your secret," said Volodya, who did not share her satisfaction: "on the contrary, if you were capable of thinking of anything serious, you would understand that it is very wrong." Liubotchka looked at him intently in amazement, and said nothing.

After dinner, Volodya wanted to take me by the arm; but fearing probably that this would be too much like tenderness, he merely touched me on the elbow, and motioned me to the hall with a nod.

"Do you know the secret which Liubotchka mentioned?" he said to me, when he had satisfied himself that we were alone.

Volodya and I rarely talked to each other face to face about anything serious, so that when it did happen, we felt a kind of mutual awkwardness, and little boys began to dance in our eyes, as Volodya expressed it; but now, in answer to the

consternation expressed in my eyes, he continued to stare at me steadily and seriously with an expression which seemed to say, "There's nothing to be alarmed about, but we're brothers all the same, and must consult together upon a weighty family matter." I understood him, and he proceeded:

"Papa is going to marry the Epifanova, you know?"

I nodded, because I had already heard about it.

"It's not nice at all," went on Volodya.

"Why?"

"Why?" he replied with vexation: "it's very pleasant to have such a stammering uncle, a colonel, and all those connections. Yes, and she may seem good now, but that proves nothing, and who knows what she'll turn out? Granted that it makes no difference to us, still Liubotchka must soon come out in the world. It's not very pleasant with such a stepmother; she even speaks French badly, and what manners she may give her! She's a fish-wife and nothing more: even if she is good, she's a fish-wife all the same," concluded Volodya, evidently very much pleased with this appellation of "fish-wife."

Strange as it was to me to hear Volodya thus calmly pass judgment on papa's choice, it struck me that he was right.

"Why does papa marry?" I inquired.

"It's a queer story: God only knows. All I know is, that Piotr Alexandrovitch persuaded him to marry, and demanded it; that papa did not wish to, and then he took a fancy to, out of some idea of chivalry: it's a queer story. I have but just begun to understand father," went on Volodya (his calling him "father" instead of "papa" wounded me deeply); "yes, he is a very fine man, good and intelligent, but so light-minded and fickle: it's amazing! He can't look at a woman with any coolness. Why, you know that he has never been

acquainted with any woman, without soon falling in love with her. You know it's so; and even with Mimi."

"What do you mean?"

"I tell you that I found out some time ago that he was in love with Mimi when she was young, wrote her verses, and there was something between them. Mimi suffers to this day." And Volodya broke into a laugh.

"It can't be so!" I said in amazement.

"But the chief point," continued Volodya, becoming serious again, and beginning suddenly to speak in French, "is how agreeable such a marriage will be to all our kin! And she'll be sure to have children."

Volodya's sensible view, and his foresight, startled me so that I did not know what to say in reply.

Just then Liubotchka approached us.

"So you know?" she asked, with a glad face.

"Yes," said Volodya; "but I am surprised, Liubotchka. You are no longer a child in swaddling clothes: how can you feel glad that papa is going to marry a worthless woman?"

Liubotchka suddenly looked grave, and became thoughtful.

"Volodya! why do you say worthless? How dare you speak so of Avdotya Vasilievna? If papa is going to marry her, she is not worthless."

"Well, not worthless; that was only my way of putting it: but still"—

"There's no 'but still' about it," broke in Liubotchka, with warmth. "I didn't say that the young lady you are in love with was worthless. How can you say it about papa and an excellent woman, even if you are my eldest brother? Don't say that to me: you must not say it."

"And why can't one judge"—

"Such a father as ours must not be judged," interrupted Liubotchka again. "Mimi may judge, but not you, my eldest brother."

"No, you understand nothing about it yet," said Volodya contemptuously. "Listen. Is it a good thing that some Epifanova, *Dunitchka*, should take the place of your dear mother?"

Liubotchka remained silent for a minute, and then all at once tears rose to her eyes.

"I knew that you were proud, but I did not know that you were so wicked," said she, and left us

"*V bulku!*"* said Volodya, pulling a gravely comical face, and with troubled eyes. "Just try to argue with them," he went on, as though reproaching himself for having forgotten himself to such a degree as to make up his mind to condescend to a conversation with Liubotchka.

The weather was bad on the following day, and neither papa nor the ladies had come down for their tea when I entered the drawing-room. There had been a cold autumnal rain during the night; the remains of the clouds, which had been emptying themselves over night, were still flying across the sky; the sun, which had already risen quite high, shone dimly through them, and revealed itself by a bright circle. It was windy, damp, and cold. The door into the garden was open; pools of the night-rain were drying on the pavement of the terrace, which was black with moisture. The wind was swinging the open door back and forth on its hinges; the paths were damp and muddy; the old birches, with their bare white boughs, the bushes and the grass, the nettles, the currants, the elder, with the pale side of its leaves turned outwards, all rustled and waved about, and seemed anxious to tear themselves from their roots; round yellow leaves flew, twisting and chasing each other, from the linden-alley, and, as they became wet through, spread themselves out on the road, and on the damp, dark-green aftermath of the meadow. My thoughts were

*Nonsense in the secret jargon explained in chap. XXIX.

occupied with my father's second marriage, from the point of view from which Volodya had looked at it. The future of my sister, our future, and even that of my father, promised nothing good to me. I was troubled by the thought that an outsider, a stranger, and, most of all, a *young* woman, who had no right to it, should all at once take the place, in many respects—of whom? She was a simple *young* lady, and she was taking the place of my dead mother! I was sad, and my father seemed to me more and more guilty. At that moment, I heard his voice and Volodya's talking in the butler's pantry. I did not want to see my father just at that moment, and I passed out through the door; but Liubotchka came for me, and said that papa was asking for me.

He was standing in the drawing-room, resting one hand on the piano, and gazing in my direction impatiently, and at the same time gravely. That joyous expression of youth and happiness which I had observed upon his face during all this period was not there now. He looked troubled. Volodya was walking about the room with a pipe in his hand. I went up to my father, and said good morning to him.

"Well, my friends," he said, with decision, as he raised his head, and in that peculiar, brisk tone in which palpably disagreeable things, which it is too late to judge, are spoken of, "you know, I think, that I am going to marry Avdotya Vasilievna." (He remained silent for a while.) "I never wanted to marry after your mamma, but"—(he paused for a moment) "but—but it's evidently fate. Dunitchka is a dear, kind girl, and no longer very young. I hope you will love her, children; and she already loves you heartily, and she is good. Now," he said, turning to me and Volodya, and apparently making haste to speak, lest we should succeed in interrupting, "it's time for you to leave here; but I shall remain until the new year, when I

shall come to Moscow " (again he hesitated) " with my wife and Liubotchka." It pained me to see my father seem so timid and guilty before us, and I stepped up closer to him ; but Volodya continued to smoke, and paced the room with drooping head. " So, my friends, this is what your old man has devised," concluded papa, as he blushed and coughed, and pressed Volodya's hand and mine. There were tears in his eyes when he said it ; and I observed that the hand which he extended to Volodya, who was at the other end of the room at the moment, trembled a little. The sight of this trembling hand impressed me painfully, and a strange thought occurred to me, and touched me still more : the thought came to me that papa had served in the year '12, and had been a brave officer, as was well known. I retained his large, muscular hand, and kissed it. He pressed mine vigorously ; and, gulping down his tears, he suddenly took Liubotchka's black head in both hands, and began to kiss her on the eyes. Volodya pretended to drop his pipe, and, stooping over, he slyly wiped his eyes with his fist, and left the room, making an effort to do so unobserved.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE UNIVERSITY

THE wedding was to take place in two weeks; but our lectures had begun, and Volodya and I went back to Moscow at the beginning of September. The Nekhliudoffs had also returned from the country. Dmitri (we had promised when we parted to write to each other, and of course we had not done so a single time) immediately came to me, and we decided that, on the following day, he should take me to the university for my first lecture.

It was a brilliant, sunny day.

As soon as I entered the auditorium, I felt that my personality disappeared in this throng of gay young fellows which undulated noisily through all the doors and corridors in the brilliant sunlight. The sensation of knowing that I was a member of this large company was very pleasant. But very few among all these individuals were known to me, and the acquaintance was limited to a nod of the head, and the words, "How are you, Irteneff?" Still, all around me, they were shaking hands with each other and chatting—words of friendship, smiles, good-will, jests, showered from all quarters. Everywhere I was conscious of the bond which united all this youthful company, and I felt sad that this bond had missed me in some way. But this was only a momentary impression. On the other hand, in consequence of it and of the vexation engendered by it, I even very speedily discovered that it was a very good thing for me I did not belong to this *outré* society; that I must have my

own little circle of nice people ; and I seated myself on the third bench, where sat Count B., Baron Z., Prince P., Ivin, and other gentlemen of that class, of whom I knew only Ivin and the Count. I set about observing all that went on around me. Semenoff, with his grey, rumpled hair and his white teeth, and with his coat unbuttoned, sat not far from me, leaning as usual upon his elbows, and gnawing at a pen. The gymnasist, who had passed first in the examination, was sitting upon the first bench, with his neck still bound up in the black neckcloth, and playing with a silver watch-key upon his satin vest. Ikonin, who had got into the university, was seated on the highest bench, in blue trousers which hid his boots, laughing and shouting that he was on Parnassus. Ilinka, who, to my amazement, saluted me not only coldly, but even scornfully, as if desirous of reminding me that we were all equal here, seated himself in front of me, and, putting up his thin legs upon the bench in a particularly free and easy way (for my benefit, as it seemed to me), chatted with another student, and glanced at me now and then.

The Ivin party beside me conversed in French. These gentlemen seemed to me frightfully stupid. Every word of their conversation which I overheard not only seemed to me senseless but incorrect, simply not French at all. ("*Ce n'est pas français,*" I said to myself in my own mind) ; and the attitudes, speeches, and behaviour of Semenoff, Ilinka, and others, seemed to me ignoble, ungentlemanly, not "*comme il faut.*"

I did not belong to any company ; and conscious of my isolation, and my unfitness for making approaches, I became angry. One student on the bench in front of me was biting his nails, which were all red with hangnails ; and this so much disgusted me that I even moved to a seat some distance away from him. But in my inmost soul I remember that this first day was a very doleful one for me.

When the professor entered, and all began to rustle about, then became silent, I remember that I extended my satirical view of things to the professor, and I was surprised that the professor should begin his lecture with an introductory phrase which had no sense, according to my opinion. I wanted the lecture to begin at the end, and to be so wise that nothing could be cut out nor a single word added to it. Having been undeceived in this respect, I immediately sketched eighteen profiles, joined together in a circle like a wreath, under the heading, "First Lecture," inscribed in the handsomely bound note-book which I had brought with me, and only moved my hand across the paper now and then so that the professor (who, I was convinced, was paying a great deal of attention to me) might think that I was writing. Having decided, during this same lecture, that it was not necessary to write down everything that every professor said, and that it would even be stupid to do so, I kept to that rule during the whole of my course.

At the succeeding lectures I did not feel my isolation so strongly ; I made many acquaintances, shook hands and chatted : but for some reason or other no real union took place between me and my comrades, and it still frequently happened that I was sad, and that I dissimulated. I could not join the company of Ivin and the aristocrats, as they were called, because, as I now remember, I was rough and savage with them, and only bowed to them when they bowed to me ; and they evidently had very little need of my acquaintance. But my isolation was due to a different reason with the majority. As soon as I was conscious that a comrade was beginning to feel favourably inclined towards me, I immediately gave him to understand that I dined at Prince Ivan Ivanitch's, and that I had a drozhky. All this I said simply for the sake of showing myself off in a more favourable light, and in order that my comrade might think the more of me ; but, on the contrary, in almost every instance,

my comrade, to my amazement, suddenly became proud and cold towards me in consequence of the news of my relationship with Prince Ivan.

We had among us a student maintained at the expense of the crown, Operoff, a modest, extremely capable, and zealous young man, who always gave his hand to everyone like a board, without bending his fingers or making any movement with it, so that the jesters among his comrades sometimes shook hands with him in the same way, and called it shaking hands "like a board." I almost always sat beside him, and we frequently conversed. Operoff pleased me particularly by the free opinions to which he gave utterance, about the professors. He defined, in a very clear and categorical manner, the merits and defects of each professor's instruction; and he even ridiculed them sometimes, which produced a particularly strange and startling effect upon me, as it came from his very small mouth in his quiet voice. Nevertheless, he carefully wrote down all the lectures, without exception, in his minute hand. We had begun to make friends, we had decided to prepare our lessons together, and his small, grey, short-sighted eyes had already begun to turn to me with pleasure, when I went and seated myself beside him in my own place. But I found it necessary to explain to him once, in the course of conversation, that when my mother was dying she had begged my father not to send us to any institutions supported by the crown, and that all crown scholars, though they might be very learned, were not at all the thing for me: "*Ce ne sont pas des gens comme il faut*," "They are not genteel," said I, stammering, and conscious that I blushed for some reason or other. Operoff said nothing to me; but at succeeding lectures he did not greet me first, did not offer me his hand, did not address me, and when I seated myself in my place he rested his head sideways on his hand and pored over his books, pretending that he did not see me. I was surprised at Operoff's causeless coldness.

But I considered it improper for a young man of good birth to coax the crown student Operoff; and I left him in peace, although his coolness grieved me, I must confess. Once I arrived earlier than he, and as the lecture was by a favourite professor, and the students who were not in the habit of attending lectures had flocked to it, and all the seats were occupied, I sat down in Operoff's place, laid my note-books on the desk, and went out. On my return to the auditorium I was surprised to find my note-books removed to the rear bench, and Operoff seated in his own place. I remarked to him that I had laid my books there.

"I don't know," he retorted, suddenly flashing up, and not glancing at me.

"I tell you that I placed my books there," said I, purposely striving to get heated, and thinking to frighten him with my boldness. "Everybody saw it," I added, glancing round at the students; but although many of them looked at me with curiosity, no one replied.

"Places are not purchased here; the one who comes first takes his seat," said Operoff, settling himself angrily in his place, and casting a fleeting and agitated glance upon me.

"That means that you are ill-bred," said I.

It seemed as though Operoff muttered something, it even seemed as though he muttered that I was "a stupid little boy," but I certainly did not hear it. And what would have been the good if I had heard it? should we revile each other like rustic louts? (I was very fond of the word *manant*, and it served me as an answer and a solution in many a complicated affair.) Perhaps I might have said something more; but just then the door slammed, and the professor, in his blue frock-coat, went to his desk with a scrape of his foot.

However, when I needed the note-books, before the examinations, Operoff, remembering his promise, offered me his, and invited me to study them with him.

CHAPTER XXXVII

AFFAIRS OF THE HEART

AFFAIRS of the heart engrossed my attention a good deal in the course of the winter. I was in love three times. Once I fell passionately in love with a very plump lady who rode in the Freytag riding-school, in consequence of which I went to the school every Tuesday and Friday—the days on which she rode—in order to gaze at her; but on every occasion I was so much afraid that she would see me, and for that reason I always stood so far away from her, and fled so precipitately from the places which she might have to pass, and turned aside so negligently when she glanced in my direction, that I did not even get a good look at her face, and to this day I do not know whether she was actually pretty or not.

Dubkoff, who was acquainted with this lady, once caught me at the school hiding behind a footman, and the fur cloaks which he was carrying; and having learned of my passion from Dmitri, he so frightened me with a proposal to introduce me to this amazon, that I fled headlong from the place; and the very idea that he had told her about me prevented my ever daring to enter the school again, or even to hide behind the lackeys, from the fear of her seeing me.

When I was in love with strangers, and especially with married women, I was overwhelmed with a shyness which was a thousand times more powerful than that which I had experienced in Sonitchka's case. I feared, more than anything else in the

world, that the object of my love would discover it, and even my existence. It seemed to me that if she heard of the sentiments which I entertained towards her, it would be such an insult to her that she would never be able to forgive me. And, in fact, if that amazon had known in detail how, when I peeped at her from behind the lackeys, I meditating seizing her, and carrying her off to the country, and how I intended to live there with her, and what I wished to do, she might perhaps with justice have felt very much insulted. But I could not clearly imagine that if she knew me she would not also instantly know all my thoughts, and that therefore there was nothing disgraceful in simply making her acquaintance.

I fell in love with Sonitchka again when I saw her with my sister. My second love for her had passed away long ago; but I fell in love for the third time, because Liubotchka gave me a volume of verses which Sonitchka had copied, in which many gloomily amorous passages from Lermontoff's "Demon" were underlined in red ink, and had flowers placed to mark them. Recalling how Volodya had kissed his lady-love's little purse the year before, I tried to so the same; and, in fact, when, alone in my room in the evening I fell into reveries, and pressed my lips to the flowers as I gazed upon them, I was conscious of a certain agreeably tearful sentiment, and felt in love again, or at least fancied I did, for several days.

And, finally, I fell in love for the third time that winter, with the young lady with whom Volodya was in love, and who visited at our house. As I now recall that young lady, there was nothing pretty about her, and nothing of that particular beauty which generally pleased me. She was the daughter of a well-known intellectual and learned lady of Moscow; she was small, thin, with long blonde curls in the English fashion, and a brilliant

complexion. Everybody said that this young lady was more clever and learned than her mother; but I could form no judgment whatever on this point, for, feeling a kind of passion-fraught terror at the thought of her cleverness and learning, I only spoke to her once, and that with inexpressible trepidation. But the ecstasy of Volodya, who was never restrained by the presence of others in the expression of his raptures, was communicated to me with such force that I fell passionately in love with the young woman. As I felt that the news that *two brothers were in love with the same young woman* would not be agreeable to Volodya, I did not mention my love to him. But, on the contrary, that which afforded me the greatest satisfaction in this sentiment was that our love was so pure, that, although its object was one and the same charming being, we should remain friends, and ready, should the emergency occur, to sacrifice for each other. It appeared, however, with regard to the readiness for sacrifice, that Volodya did not share my feeling at all; for he was so passionately enamoured, that he wanted to slap a genuine diplomat's face, and challenge him to a duel, because he was to marry her, so it was said. It was very agreeable to me to sacrifice my feelings, probably because it cost no effort, since I had only spoken to the young lady once, and that in a fantastic kind of way, about the worth of scientific music; and my love passed away on the following week, as I made no endeavour to cherish it.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

SOCIETY

THE social pleasures to which I had dreamed of devoting myself when I entered the university, in imitation of my elder brother, quite disenchanted me during the winter. Volodya danced a great deal, papa also went to balls with his young wife; but they must have considered me still too youthful or unfitted for such pleasures, and no one introduced me in those houses where balls were given. In spite of my promise of frankness to Dmitri, I did not speak to anyone, even to him, of my desire to go to balls, and of how it pained and vexed me that I was forgotten, and evidently regarded as a philosopher, which I pretended to be in consequence.

But in the course of the winter, Princess Kornakova had an evening party. She herself invited all of us, and me among the rest; thus I was to go to a ball for the first time. Volodya came to my room before he set out, and wanted to see how I was dressed. This proceeding on his part greatly surprised and abashed me. It seemed to me that the desire to be well dressed was very disgraceful, and that it was necessary to conceal it; he, on the other hand, considered this desire natural and indispensable to such a degree that he said very frankly that he was afraid I should do myself discredit. He ordered me to be sure to don varnished shoes, and was struck with horror when

I wanted to put on chamois-leather gloves, arranged my watch for me in a particular way, and carried me off to the hair-dresser's on the Kuznetzky bridge. They curled my hair: Volodya stepped off, and viewed me from a distance.

"There, that's good, but can't you flatten down the hair where it parts on the crown?" he said, turning to the hairdresser.

But in spite of all M. Charles's anointing of my tuft with some gummy essence, it stood up the same as ever when I put on my hat; and altogether my appearance when curled seemed to me much uglier than before. My only salvation was an affectation of negligence. Only in this way could I manage to look like anything whatever.

Volodya, it appears, was of the same opinion for he begged me to get rid of the curls; and when I had done this, and still did not look well, he did not glance at me again, but was silent and gloomy all the way to the Kornakoffs' house.

I entered the Kornakoffs' apartments boldly with Volodya; but when the Princess invited me to dance, and I said, for some reason or other, that I did not dance, in spite of the fact that I had come with the sole idea of dancing a very great deal, I grew timid; and when I was left alone with people whom I did not know, I lapsed into my ordinary insurmountable and ever-increasing shyness. I remained dumb in one place the entire evening.

During the waltz one of the Princesses came up to me, and, with the official amiability which was common to the entire family, asked me why I was not dancing? I remember how shy I grew at this question, but how at the same time, and quite involuntarily so far as I was concerned, a self-satisfied smile spread over my countenance, and I began to utter such nonsense in pompous French full of parentheses, that it makes me ashamed to remember it now after the lapse of

ten years. The music must have thus acted upon me, exciting my nerves, and drowning, as I supposed, the not very intelligible portion of my speech. I said something about the highest society, about the frivolity of men and women; and at last I got so entangled that I came to a standstill in the middle of a word in some sentence or other, which there was no possibility of completing.

Even the Princess, who was worldly by nature, became confused, and gazed reproachfully at me. I smiled. At that critical moment, Volodya, who had perceived that I was speaking with warmth, and probably wanted to know how I was making up for not dancing by my conversation, approached us with Dubkoff. On perceiving my smiling face and the frightened mien of the Princess, and hearing the frightful stuff with which I wound up, he reddened, and turned away. The Princess rose and left me. I went on smiling, but suffered so much from the consciousness of my stupidity, that I was ready to sink through the earth, and I felt the necessity of making some movement, at any cost, and of saying something to effect a change in my position. I went up to Dubkoff, and inquired if he had danced many waltzes with *her*. By this I seemed to be jesting and in a merry mood, but in reality I was beseeching the assistance of that very Dubkoff to whom I had shouted "Silence!" during the dinner at Jahr's. Dubkoff pretended not to hear me, and turned aside. I approached Volodya, and said with an effort, and trying to impart a jesting tone to my voice, "Well, how now, Volodya? have I got myself up gorgeously?" But Volodya looked at me as much as to say, "You don't talk like that to me when we are alone," and he walked away from me in silence, evidently fearing that I should still get into some difficulty.

"My God! my brother also deserts me!" I thought.

But, for some reason, I had not the strength to take my departure. I stood on gloomily, till the end of the evening, in one place ; and only when everyone crowded into the ante-room as they dispersed, and the footman hooked my coat on the tip of my hat, so that it tilted up, I laughed in a sickly way through my tears, and said, without addressing anyone in particular, " How graceful it is ! "

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE CAROUSE

ALTHOUGH I had not as yet, in consequence of Dmitri's influence, given myself up to the usual pleasures of students, which are called *carouses*, it had been my lot once, during the course of this winter, to take part in such a merry-making; and I carried away with me a not wholly agreeable impression. This is the way it happened.

One day, during a lecture at the beginning of the year, Baron Z., a tall, blonde young man, with a very serious expression upon his regular features, invited us all to his house to pass an evening as comrades together. All of us meant, of course, all the members of our class who were more or less *comme il faut;* among whose number, of course, neither Grap nor Semenoff nor Operoff were included, nor any of the meaner fellows. Volodya smiled contemptuously when he heard that I was going to a carouse of first-year men; but I expected great and remarkable pleasure from this to me entirely novel mode of passing the time, and I was at Baron Z.'s punctually at eight o'clock—the hour indicated.

Baron Z., in a white vest and with his coat unbuttoned, was receiving his guests in the brilliantly lighted hall and drawing-room of the small house in which his parents dwelt; they had given up the state apartments to him for that evening's festivity.

In the corridor, the heads and dresses of curious maids were visible ; and in the pantry, the dress of a lady, whom I took to be the Baroness herself, flashed by once.

The guests were twenty in number, and were all students, with the exception of Herr Frost, who had come with Ivin, and a tall, ruddy-complexioned gentleman in plain clothes, who attended to the banquet, and who was known to everybody as a relative of the Baron, and a former student at the University of Dorpat. The over-brilliant illumination, and the usual regal decoration of the state apartments, produced a chilling effect at first upon this youthful company, all of whose members involuntarily kept close to the walls, with the exception of a few bold spirits and the student from Dorpat, who had already unbuttoned his waistcoat, and seemed to be in every room and in every corner of every room at one and the same time, and to fill the whole apartment with the sound of his resonant and agreeable and never-silent tenor voice. But the fellows either remained silent, or modestly discussed the professors, the sciences, the examinations, and serious and interesting subjects, on the whole. Everyone, without exception, stared at the door of the supper-room, and with an expression which, though they all strove to hide it, said, " Why, it's time to begin ! " I also felt that it was time to begin, and I awaited the *beginning* with impatient joy.

After tea, which the footman handed round to the guests, the Dorpat student asked Frost in Russian—

" Do you know how to make punch, Frost ? "

" Oh, yes ! " replied Frost, wriggling his calves ; but the Dorpat student again addressed him in Russian :

" Then set about it " (he called him *thou*, as a fellow-student at Dorpat) ; and Frost then hurried from the drawing-room to the supper-room, from

the supper-room to the drawing-room, with great strides of his curved and muscular legs ; and there speedily made its appearance on the table a large soup-tureen, and in it a ten-pound loaf of sugar, surrounded by three student-daggers laid crosswise. During this time, Baron Z. had kept incessantly approaching all the guests, who were assembled in the drawing-room, and saying to all, with an immovably serious face and in almost the same words, " Come, gentlemen, let us mutually drink to brotherhood in student fashion, or we shall have no comradeship at all in our class." And, in fact, the Dorpat student, after taking off his coat, and rolling his white shirt-sleeves high above his white elbows, and planting his feet far apart in a decided fashion, had already set fire to the rum in the soup-tureen.

" Put out the lights, gentlemen ! " cried the Dorpat student suddenly, as loudly and pleasantly as he could have done if we had all shouted. Bu we all gazed silently at the soup-tureen, and at the Dorpat student's white shirt, and all felt that the solemn moment had arrived.

" Extinguish the lights, Frost ! " cried the Dorpat student again, and in German, having evidently become very much heated. Frost and all the rest of us set about extinguishing the candles. All was dark in the room, only the white sleeves and the hands which lifted the loaf of sugar on the daggers were illuminated by the bluish flame. The Dorpat student's voice was no longer alone heard, as talking and laughter proceeded from every quarter of the room. Many took off their coats (especially those who had fine and perfectly clean shirts). I did the same, and understood that *it had begun.* Although nothing jolly had happened so far, I was firmly convinced that it would be capital when we had drunk a glass of the beverage which had been prepared.

The beverage was a success. The Dorpat student poured the punch into glasses, spotting the table a good deal in the process, and shouted, "Now, gentlemen, give your hands!" And each time that we took a full, sticky glass in our hands, the Dorpat student and Frost struck up a German song, in which the exclamation "*juchhe!*" was frequently repeated; we joined in discordantly, began to clink our glasses, to shout at the top of our voices, to praise the punch, or by preference, simply to quaff the sweet, strong liquor. There was nothing to wait for now, therefore the carouse was in full swing. I had already drunk a full glass of punch, they poured me another; my temples began to throb, the fire seemed crimson, everyone was shouting and laughing around me: but still it not only did not seem jolly, but I was even convinced that I, and everyone else, was bored, and that I and the others considered it indispensable, for some reason or other, to pretend that it was very jolly. The only one who could not have been dissimulating was the Dorpat student. He grew constantly redder and more talkative, filled everyone's glass, and spilled more and more punch on the table, which became all sweet and sticky. I do not remember in quite what order things occurred, but I recollect that I was awfully fond of Frost and the Dorpat student that evening, that I learned a German song by heart, and kissed them both on their sweet lips. I also recollect that I hated the Dorpat student that same evening, and wanted to fling a chair at him, but refrained. I recollect, that in addition to the consciousness of the insubordination of all my limbs, which I had experienced at Jahr's, my head ached and swam so that evening that I was awfully afraid I was going to die that very minute. I also recollect that we all seated ourselves on the floor, for some reason or other, flourished our arms in imitation

of oars, sang "Adown our Mother Volga," and that, meantime, I was thinking that it was not at all necessary to do so. Furthermore, I recollect that, as I lay on the floor, I hooked one leg around the other, stretched myself out in gypsy fashion, twisted someone's neck, and thought that it would not have happened if he had not been drunk. I remember too, that we had supper, and drank something else; that I went out into the court-yard to refresh myself, and my head felt cold; and that I noticed when I went away that it was dreadfully dark, that the step of my drozhky (*frolyótka*) had become steep and slippery, and that it was impossible to hold on to Kuzma, because he had become weak, and swayed about like a rag. But I remember chiefly, that in the course of the evening I constantly felt that I was behaving very stupidly in feigning to be very jolly, to be very fond of drinking a great deal, and did not think of being drunk, and all the time I felt that the others were behaving very foolishly in pretending the same. It seemed to me that it was disagreeable for each one individually, as it was for me; but as each supposed that he alone experienced this disagreeable sensation, he considered himself bound to feign gaiety in order not to interfere with the general jollity. Moreover, strange to say, I felt that dissimulation was incumbent on me simply because three bottles of champagne at ten roubles apiece, and ten bottles of rum at four roubles, had been poured into the soup-tureen, which amounted to seventy roubles, besides the supper. I was so fully convinced of this, that I was very much surprised the next day at the lecture, when my comrades who had been at Baron Z's not only were not ashamed to mention that they had been there, but talked about the party so that other students could hear. They said that it was a splendid carouse; that the Dorpat fellows were great hands

at these things, and that twenty men had drunk forty bottles of rum between them, and that many had been left for dead under the tables. I could not understand why they talked about it, and even lied about themselves.

CHAPTER XL

FRIENDSHIP WITH THE NEKHLIUDOFFS

DURING the winter, I not only saw a great deal of Dmitri, who came to our house quite frequently, but of all his family, with whom I began to associate.

The Nekhliudoffs, the mother, aunt, and daughter, passed all their evenings at home ; and the Princess liked to have young people come to see her in the evening, men of the sort, as she expressed it, who were capable of passing a whole evening without cards and dancing. But there must have been very few such men ; for I rarely met any visitors there, though I went there nearly every evening. I became accustomed to the members of this family, and to their various dispositions, and had already formed a clear conception of their mutual relations. I became accustomed to their rooms and furniture ; and when there were no guests I felt myself perfectly at my ease, except on the occasions when I was left alone in the room with Varenka. It still seemed to me as if, although not a very pretty girl, she would like very much to have me fall in love with her. But even this agitation began to pass off. She had such a natural appearance of not caring whether she talked to me, or to her brother, or Liubov Sergieevna, that I acquired the habit of looking upon her as upon a person to whom it was not at all either disgraceful or dangerous to show the pleasure which I took in her society. During the whole period of my acquaintance with

her, she seemed to me sometimes very ugly, and then not such a very ugly girl; but never once did I ask myself with regard to her, "Am I in love with her, or not?" I sometimes chanced to talk directly to her, but more frequently I conversed with her by directing my remarks in her presence to Liubov Sergieevna or Dmitri, and this last method gave me particular pleasure. I took great satisfaction in talking before her, in listening to her singing, and in the general consciousness of her presence in the room where I was; but the thought as to what my relations with Varenka would eventually become, and any dreams of sacrificing myself for my friend in case he should fall in love with my sister, rarely entered my head now. If such ideas and dreams did occur to me, I strove to thrust aside any thought of the future, since I was content with the present.

In spite, however, of this intimacy, I continued to feel it my imperative duty to conceal from the whole Nekhliudoff society, and from Varenka in particular, my real sentiments and inclinations; and I endeavoured to show myself an entirely different young man from what I was in reality, and such, indeed, as I could not be in reality. I strove to appear emotional; I went into raptures, I groaned, and made passionate gestures when anything pleased me greatly: and at the same time I endeavoured to seem indifferent to every unusual occurrence which I saw, or of which I was told. I tried to appear a malicious scorner who held nothing sacred, and at the same time a delicate observer. I tried to appear logical in all my actions, refined and accurate in my life, and at the same time a person who despised all material things. I can assert boldly that I was much better in reality than the strange being which I endeavoured to represent myself to be; but nevertheless, and represent myself as I would, the Nekhliudoffs liked me, and, happily for me as

it turned out, did not believe in my dissimulation. Liubov Sergieevna alone, who, it seems, regarded me as a great egoist, a godless and sneering fellow, did not like me, and often quarrelled with me, got into a rage, and amazed me with her broken and incoherent phrases. But Dmitri still maintained the same strange rather than friendly relations with her, and said that no one understood her, and that she did him a very great deal of good. His friendship with her continued to be a grievance to his family.

Once Varenka, in discussing with me this union which was so incomprehensible to them all, explained it thus: "Dmitri is an egoist. He is too proud, and, in spite of all his cleverness, he is very fond of praise and admiration, loves to be first always; and *aunty*, in the innocence of her soul, finds herself admiring him; and has not sufficient tact to conceal this admiration from him, and so it comes to pass that she flatters him, only not hypocritically, but in earnest."

I remembered this judgment, and on examining it afterwards I could not but think that Varenka was very clever; and I exalted her in my own opinion with satisfaction, in consequence. This sort of exaltation, in consequence of the intelligence I had discovered in her, and of other moral qualities, I accomplished with a certain stern moderation, though with satisfaction; and I never ventured into ecstasies, the highest point of enthusiasm. Thus, when Sophia Ivanovna, who talked unweariedly of her niece, told me how, when Varenka was a child in the country four years before, she had given all her clothes and shoes to the peasant children without permission, so that they had to be taken away afterwards, I did not at once accept that fact as worthy of exalting her in my opinion, but I mentally ridiculed her for such an unpractical view of things.

When there were guests at the Nekhliudoffs',

and among others Volodya and Dubkoff, I retired into the background in a self-satisfied way, and with a certain calm consciousness of power, as a man of the house; I did not talk, but merely listened to what others said. And everything that was said seemed to me so incredibly stupid, that I inwardly wondered how such an intelligent, logical woman as the Princess, and all her logical family, could listen to such folly, and reply to it. Had it then occurred to me to compare what others said with what I said myself when I was alone, I should certainly not have marvelled in the least. I should have marvelled still less if I had believed that the members of our household —Avdotya, Vasilievna, Liubotchka, and Katenka —were just like all other women, and no worse than any others; and if I had recalled the fact that Dubkoff, Katenka, and Avdotya Vasilievna had conversed together for whole evenings, laughing merrily; and how, on nearly every occasion, Dubkoff, desiring to get up a discussion on something, recited, with feeling, the verses, "Au banquet de la vie infortuné convive,"* or extracts from "The Demon";† and what nonsense they talked, on the whole, and with how much pleasure for several hours together.

When there were visitors, of course Varenka paid less attention to me than when we were alone; and then there was no music or reading, which I was very fond of listening to. In conversing with visitors, she lost what was for me her chief charm—her calm deliberation and simplicity. I remember what a strange surprise her conversations with my brother Volodya, about the theatre and the weather, were to me. I knew that Volodya avoided and despised commonplaces more than anything else in the world; Varenka, also, always ridiculed hypocritically absorbing discussions about

*An unfortunate guest at the banquet of life.
†A celebrated poem by Lermontoff.

the weather, and so forth : then why, when they came together, did they constantly utter the most intolerable absurdities, and that, too, as though they were ashamed of each other ? I went into a private rage with Varenka after every such conversation, ridiculed the visitors on the following day, but took still greater pleasure in being alone in the Nekhliudoff family circle.

At all events, I began to take more pleasure in being with Dmitri in his mother's drawing-room than alone face to face with him.

CHAPTER XLI

FRIENDSHIP WITH THE NEKHLIUDOFFS

JUST at that time, my friendship with Dmitri hung by a thread. I had begun criticising him too long ago not to find that he had failings; but, in our early youth, we love with the passions only, and only care for perfect people. But as soon as the mist of passion begins to decrease little by little, or as soon as the clear rays of judgment begin to pierce it, and we involuntarily behold the object of our passion in his real aspect, with his merits and his shortcomings, the shortcomings alone strike us in a vivid and exaggerated manner, as something unexpected; the feeling of attraction towards novelty, and the hope this feeling may be found in others, encourage in us not only coolness towards but repugnance for the former object of our passion, and we desert him without compunction, and hasten to seek some new perfection. If it was not precisely this which happened to me in my connection with Dmitri, it was because I was only bound to him by his obstinate, pedantic, and intellectual affection, rather than any heartfelt affection, which I was too much ashamed to be false to. We were bound, moreover, by our strange rule of frankness. We were afraid, that, if we parted, all the moral secrets which we had confided to each other, and some of which were dishonourable to us, would leave us too much in each other's power. Besides, our rule of frankness, as was evident to us, had not been

observed for a long time; and it embarrassed us, and brought about strange relations between us.

Almost every time I went to see Dmitri that winter, I found with him one of his comrades at the university, a student named Bezobyedoff, with whom he studied. Bezobyedoff was a short, thin, pock-marked man, with very small hands, which were covered with freckles, and a great mass of unkempt red hair. He was always very ragged and dirty, he was uncultivated, and he even studied badly. Dmitri's relations with him were, like his relations with Liubov Sergieevna, incomprehensible to me. The sole reason why he could have selected him from among all his comrades, and have become intimate with him, was, that there was not a student in the whole university who was uglier in appearance than Bezobyedoff. But it must have been precisely for that reason that Dmitri found it agreeable to exhibit friendship for him in spite of everybody. In his whole intercourse with this student, the haughty sentiment was expressed: "It's nothing to me who you are: you are all the same to me. I like him, and of course he's all right."

I was surprised that he did not find it hard to put such constant constraint upon himself, and that the unfortunate Bezobyedoff endured his awkward position. This friendship did not please me at all.

Once I went to Dmitri's in the evening for the purpose of spending the evening in his mother's drawing-room with him, in conversation and in listening to Varenka's singing or reading; but Bezobyedoff was sitting upstairs. Dmitri replied to me in a sharp tone that he could not come down because he had company, as I could see for myself.

"And what fun is there there?" he added: "it's much better to sit here and chat." Although the idea of sitting and talking with Bezobyedoff

for a couple of hours did not attract me, I could not make up my mind to go to the drawing-room alone; and vexed to the soul at my friend's eccentricity, I seated myself in a rocking-chair, and began to rock in silence. I was very much provoked with Dmitri and with Bezobyedoff, because they had deprived me of the pleasure of going downstairs. I wanted to see whether Bezobyedoff would take his departure soon; and I felt angry with him and Dmitri as I listened in silence to their conversation. "A very agreeable guest! sit down with him!" thought I, when the footman brought tea, and Dmitri had to ask Bezobyedoff five times to take a glass, because the timid visitor considered himself bound to decline the first and second glasses, and to say, "Help yourself." Dmitri, with a visible effort, engaged his visitor in conversation, into which he made several vain efforts to drag me. But I preserved a gloomy silence.

"There is nothing to be done: let no one dare to suspect from my face that I am at all bored," I reflected mentally to Dmitri, as I rocked myself silently and regularly in my chair. I fanned the flame of quiet hatred towards my friend within me more and more. "What a fool!" I thought of him. "He might have spent a delightful evening with his dear relations, but no, he sits here with this beast; and now the time is past, it is already too late to go to the drawing-room;" and I peeped at my friend from behind the edge of my chair. His hands, his attitude, his neck, and especially the nape of it, and his knees, seemed so repulsive that I could have taken great delight at that moment in doing something to mortify him, even something extremely disagreeable.

At length Bezobyedoff rose, but Dmitri could not at once part from so agreeable a guest. He proposed to him that he should spend the night there; to which, fortunately, Bezobyedoff did not consent, and departed.

After having seen him off, Dmitri returned; and smiling brightly in a self-satisfied way, and rubbing his hands, probably because he had kept up his character, and because he had at last got rid of his *ennui*, he began to pace the room, glancing at me from time to time. He was still more repulsive to me. "How dare he walk and smile?" thought I.

"Why are you angry?" said he suddenly, halting in front of me.

"I am not angry at all," I answered, as one always answers on such occasions: "I am only vexed that you should dissimulate with me and Bezobyedoff, and with yourself."

"What nonsense! I never dissimulate with anyone."

"I have not forgotten our rule of frankness: I speak openly to you. I am convinced that that Bezobyedoff is as intolerable to you as to me, because he is stupid, and God knows what else; but you like to put on airs before him."

"No! and, in the first place, Bezobyedoff is a very fine fellow."

"And I tell you, yes; I will even go so far as to say to you that your friendship with Liubov Sergieevna is also founded on the fact that she considers you a god."

"And I tell you no."

"But I tell you, yes, because I know it by my own case," I replied with the warmth of suppressed vexation, and desirous of disarming him by my frankness. "I have told you, and I repeat it, that it always seems to me that I like those people who say pleasant things to me; and when I come to examine the matter well, I see that there is no real attachment."

"No," went on Dmitri, adjusting his neckerchief with an impatient, angry gesture; "when I love, neither praise nor blame can change my feelings."

"It is not true. I have confessed to you that

when papa called me a good-for-nothing, I hated him for a while, and desired his death, just as you "—

"Speak for yourself. It's a great pity if you are such "—

"On the contrary," I cried, springing from my chair, and looking him in the eye with desperate bravery, "what you are saying is not right; did you not speak to me about my brother? I will not remind you of it, because that would be dishonourable. Did you not speak to me— And I will tell you how I understand you now "—

And, endeavouring to wound him even more painfully than he had wounded me, I began to demonstrate to him that he did not love anyone, and to tell him everything with which, as it seemed to me, I had a right to reproach him. I was very much pleased at having told him everything, quite forgetting that the only possible object of this enumeration, the inducing him to confess all the shortcomings with which I charged him, could not be attained at the present moment, when he was excited. But I never repeated it to him when he was in a state of composure, and could acknowledge it.

The dispute had already passed into a quarrel, when Dmitri became silent all at once, and went into the next room. I was on the point of following him, talking all the while, but he did not reply to me. I knew that violent passion was set down in his list of vices, and that he had conquered himself now. Accordingly I cursed all his registers.

So this was what our rule had led us to, *to tell each other everything that we thought, and never to say anything about each other to any third person.* Carried away by frankness, we had sometimes proceeded to the most shameless confessions, announcing, to our own shame, ideas, dreams of desire and sentiment, such as I had just expressed to him, for example; and these confessions not

only had not drawn closer the bonds which united us, but they had dried up the feeling itself, and separated us. And now, all at once, egotism did not permit him to make the most trivial confession; and in the heat of our dispute we made use of the very weapons with which we had previously supplied each other, and with which we dealt one another painful blows.

CHAPTER XLII

THE STEPMOTHER

ALTHOUGH papa had not meant to come to Moscow with his wife until after the new year, he arrived in October, at a season when there was excellent autumn hunting to be had with the dogs. Papa said that he had changed his plan because his case was to be heard in the senate; but Mimi told us that Avdotya Vasilievna had become so bored in the country, had spoken so frequently of Moscow, and feigned illness, that papa had decided to comply with her wishes. For she had never loved him, but had only murmured her love in everybody's ears, out of a desire to marry a rich man, said Mimi, sighing thoughtfully, as much as to say, "It's not what *some people* would have done for him, if he had but known how to prize them."

Some people were unjust to Avdotya Vasilievna. Her love for papa, passionate, devoted love, and self-sacrifice, were evident in every word, every look, and every movement. But this love did not in the least prevent her cherishing a desire, in company with the desire not to leave her husband, for remarkable head-dresses from Madame Annette's, for bonnets with extraordinary blue ostrich-feathers, and gowns of blue Venetian velvet, that artistically revealed her fine white arms and bosom, which had hitherto been exhibited to no one excepting her husband and her toilet maid. Katenka took her mother's part, of course; while

between our stepmother and us certain odd, jesting relations established themselves from the very day of her arrival. As soon as she alighted from the carriage, Volodya went up, scraping, and swaying to and fro to kiss her hand. Having assumed a grave face and troubled eyes, he said, as though he were introducing someone :

" I have the honour to offer my congratulations on the arrival of my dear mamma, and to kiss her hand."

" Ah, my dear son ! " said Avdotya Vasilievna, with her beautiful, monotonous smile.

" And do not forget your second little son," said I, also approaching to kiss her hand, and involuntarily trying to assume the expression of Volodya's face and voice.

If our stepmother and we had been sure of our mutual attachment, this expression might have indicated scorn of the exhibition of any tokens of affection ; if we had already been ill-disposed towards each other, it might have indicated irony, or hypocritical scorn, or a desire to conceal our real relations from our father, who was present, and many other thoughts and feelings ; but in the present case this expression, which suited Avdotya Vasilievna's taste extremely well, indicated nothing at all, and only pointed to an utter absence of all intimacy. I have since often observed these false and jesting relations in other families, when the members of them foresee that a close intercourse will not be quite agreeable ; and similar relations involuntarily became established between us and Avdotya Vasilievna. We hardly ever departed from them ; we were always hypocritically polite to her, spoke French, scraped and bowed, and called her " *chère maman,*" to which she always replied with jests, in the same style, with her beautiful, monotonous smile. Tearful Liubotchka alone, with her crooked legs and innocent prattle, took a liking to her step-

mother, and strove very *naively*, and sometimes awkwardly, to bring her into closer connection with all our family; and in return, the only creature in all the world for whom Avdotya Vasilievna had a drop of affection, with the exception of her passionate love for papa, was Liubotchka. Avdotya Vasilievna even exhibited for her a certain ecstatic admiration and a timid respect, which greatly amazed me.

At first Avdotya was very fond of calling herself a stepmother, and hinting at the evil and unjust way in which children and members of the household always look upon a stepmother, and how difficult her position was in consequence of this. But though she had perceived all the unpleasantness of her position, she had done nothing to escape it; she did not caress one, make presents to another, and avoid grumbling, which would have been very easy for her, since she was very amiable, and not exacting in disposition. And she not only did not do this, but on the contrary, foreseeing all the unpleasantness of her position, she prepared herself for defence without having been attacked; and, taking it for granted that all the members of the household wished to use all the means in their power to insult her, and make things disagreeable for her, she saw some design in everything, and considered that the most dignified way for her was to suffer in silence; and, since she won no love by her abstention from action, of course, she won ill-will. Moreover, she was so lacking in that quality of understanding which was developed to such a high degree in our house, and which I have already mentioned, and her habits were so opposed to those which had become rooted in our house, that this alone prejudiced people against her. In our neat, precise house she always lived as though she had but just arrived; she rose and retired now early, now late; at one time she would come down to dinner, at another she would not,

and sometimes she had supper, and again she had none. She went about half-dressed the greater part of the time when we had no visitors, and was not ashamed to show herself to us, and even to the servants, in a white petticoat, with a shawl thrown around her, and with bare arms. At first this simplicity pleased me; but I very soon lost all the respect I had entertained for her, in consequence of this very simplicity. It seemed still stranger to us, that there were two totally dissimilar women in her, according to whether we had visitors or not. In the presence of guests she was a healthy, cold, young beauty, elegantly dressed, neither clever nor foolish, but cheerful; when there were no guests she was a sad, worn-out woman, no longer young, but untidy and much bored, although affectionate. I often thought, as I looked at her when she returned smiling from making calls, and blushing with the winter cold, happy in the consciousness of her beauty, and went up to the mirror to survey herself as she removed her bonnet; or when she went to the carriage rustling in her rich, low-necked ball-dress, feeling a little ashamed, yet proud, before the servants; or at home, when we had little evening gatherings, in a tight silk gown with some delicate lace about her soft neck, she beamed on all sides with her monotonous but beautiful smile—what would those who raved over her have said if they could have seen her as I did on the evenings when she stayed at home, and strayed through the dimly lighted rooms like a shadow, as she awaited her husband's return from the club, in some sort of a wrapper, with unkempt hair? Sometimes she went to the piano, and played her one waltz, frowning with the effort; then she would take a volume of romance, and, after reading a few lines out of the middle of it, throw it away; again, in order not to wake up the servants, she would go to the pantry herself, and get a cucumber and cold veal, and eat

it standing by the pantry-window; or would wander from room to room aimlessly, both weary and bored. But what separated us from her more than anything else was her lack of tact, which was expressed chiefly by her peculiar attitude of condescending attention when people talked to her about things which she did not understand. She was not to blame, because she had unconsciously acquired a habit of smiling slightly with her lips alone, and bending her head when she was told things which did not interest her (and nothing except herself and her husband did interest her); but that smile, and bend of the head, frequently repeated, were inexpressibly repellent. Her mirth, too, which seemed to ridicule herself, as well as everybody else, was awkward, and was shared by no one; her sensibility also was too artificial. But the chief thing of all was that she was not ashamed to talk constantly to everyone about her love for papa. Although she did not lie in the least when she said that her whole life consisted in her love for her husband, and although she proved it with her whole life, yet, according to our views, such ceaseless, unreserved assertion of her affection was disgusting, and we were ashamed for her when she spoke of it before strangers, even more than when she made mistakes in French.

She loved her husband more than anything in the world; and her husband loved her, especially at first, and when he saw that he was not the only one whom she pleased. The sole aim of her existence was the acquirement of her husband's love; but it seemed as though she purposely did everything which could be disagreeable to him, and all with the object of showing him the full power of her love, and her readiness to sacrifice herself.

She loved gala attire; my father liked to see her a beauty in society, exciting praise and admiration: she sacrificed her love for festivities, for father's sake, and grew more and more accustomed to sit

at home in a grey blouse. Papa, who always had considered freedom and equality indispensable conditions in family intercourse, hoped that his beloved Liubotchka and his good young wife would come together in a sincere and friendly way; but Avdotya Vasilievna was sacrificing herself, and considered it requisite to show *the real mistress of the house*, as she called Liubotchka, an unsuitable amount of respect, which wounded papa deeply. He gambled a great deal that winter, and, towards the end, lost a good deal of money; and concealed his gambling matters from all the household, as he always did, not wishing to mix up such things with his family life. Avdotya Vasilievna still sacrificed herself; sometimes she was ill, and towards the end of the winter she was *enciente*, but she considered it her duty to go to meet papa with her swinging gait, in her grey blouse, and with unkempt hair, at four or five o'clock in the morning, when he returned from his club, at times weary and ashamed on account of his losses.

She inquired, in an absent-minded way, whether he had been lucky at play; and listened, with condescending attention, as she smiled and rolled her head about, to what he told her as to his doings at the club, and to his request, a hundred times repeated, that she would never wait for him. But although his losses and winnings, upon which, according to his play, all papa's resources depended, did not interest her in the least, she was the first to meet him every night when he returned from the club. Moreover, she was urged to these meetings, not by her passion for self-sacrifice alone, but by a certain concealed jealousy from which she suffered in the highest degree. No one in the world could convince her that papa was returning late from the club, and not from some mistress. She tried to read papa's love secrets in his face; and, as she could see nothing there, she sighed with a certain luxury of woe, and gave herself up to the contemplation of her unhappiness.

In consequence of these and many other incessant sacrifices, there came to be, in papa's conduct to his wife, towards the later months of the winter, during which he had lost so large a sum that he was out of spirits the greater part of the time, an evident feeling of *quiet hate*, of that suppressed repugnance to the object of one's affections which is expressed by an unconscious endeavour to cause that object every possible sort of petty moral unpleasantnesses.

CHAPTER XLIII

NEW COMRADES

THE winter passed away unperceived, and the thaw had already begun again, and the lists of the examinations had already been nailed up at the university ; when all at once I remembered that I had to be examined on the eighteen lectures which I had attended, but not one of which I had written down, or taken cognizance of. Strange that such a plain question, " How am I to pass the examinations ? " had never once presented itself to me. But I had been in such a mist that whole winter, arising from my delight in being grown up and being *comme il faut*, that when it did occur to me, " How am I to pass the examinations ? " I compared myself with my comrades, and thought, " They will pass, but the majority of them are not *comme il faut* yet ; so I still have an extra advantage over them, and I must pass." I went to the lectures simply because I had become accustomed to them, and because papa sent me out of the house. Moreover, I had a great many acquaintances, and I often had a jolly time at the university. I loved the noise, the chattering, the laughing in the auditorium ; I loved to sit on the rear bench during the lecture, and dream of something or other to the monotonous sound of the professor's voice, and to observe my comrades ; I liked to run out at times with someone to Materna's, to drink *vodka* and take a bite, and knowing that I might be punished for it, to enter the auditorium after the professor, creaking the door timidly ; I

loved to take part in a piece of mischief when class after class congregated amid laughter in the corridors. All this was very jolly.

When everybody had begun to attend the lectures more faithfully, and the professor of physics had finished his course, and had taken leave until the examinations, the students began to collect their note-books, and prepare themselves. I also began to think of preparing myself. Operoff and I continued to bow to each other, but were on the very coolest terms, as I have already said. He not only offered me his note-books, but invited me to prepare myself with him and other students. I thanked him and consented, hoping by so doing to entirely smooth over my former disagreement with him ; all I asked was that they would promise to meet at my house, as I had excellent quarters.

I was told that the preparations would be made in turn at one place or another, as was found most convenient. The first meeting took place at Zukhin's. He occupied a little room partitioned off, in a large house on the Trubnoi Boulevard. I was late on the first day named, and arrived when they had already begun the reading. The little room was full of smoke from the coarse tobacco which Zukhin used, which was *makhorka*.* On the table stood a square bottle of *vodka*, glasses, bread, salt, and a mutton-bone.

Zukhin invited me, without rising, to have a drink of *vodka*, and to take off my coat.

"I think you are not accustomed to such an entertainment," he added.

All were in dirty pink calico shirts, with false fronts. I removed my coat, trying not to show my scorn for them, and laid it on the sofa with an air of comradeship. Zukhin recited, referring now and then to the note-books : the others stopped him to ask questions ; and he explained

*Peasant tobacco (*nicotiana rustica*), grown in Little Russia.

concisely, intelligently and accurately. I began to listen ; and as I did not understand much, not knowing what had gone before, I asked a question.

"Eh, batiuschka, you can't listen if you don't know that," said Zukhin. "I will give you the note-books, and you can go through them for to-morrow."

I was ashamed of my ignorance, and, conscious at the same time of the entire justice of Zukhin's remarks, I ceased to listen, and busied myself with observations on these new associates. According to the classification of men into those who were *comme il faut*, and those who were *comme il ne faut pas*, they evidently belonged to the second division, and awakened in me, consequently, a feeling not only of scorn, but of a certain personal hatred which I experienced for them, because, though they were not *comme il faut*, they not only seemed to regard me as their equal, but even patronized me in a good-natured way. This feeling was roused in me by their feet, and their dirty hands with their closely bitten nails, by one long nail on Operoff's little finger, and by their pink shirts, and their false fronts, and the oaths with which they affectionately addressed each other, and the dirty room, and Zukhin's habit of constantly blowing his nose a little, while he pressed one nostril with his finger, and in particular by their way of speaking, of employing and accenting certain words. For instance, they used *blockhead* instead of fool ; *just so* instead of exactly ; *splendid* instead of very beautiful ; and so on : which seemed to me to be book-language, and disgustingly ungentlemanly. But that which aroused my *comme il faut* hatred was the accent which they placed on certain Russian, and expecially on foreign words : they said máchine, áctivity, ón purpose, in the chimnéy, Shákspeare instead of Shakspéare, and so forth, and so forth.

But in spite of their exterior, which at that time

was insuperably repugnant to me, I had a presentiment that there was something good about these fellows; and, envious of the genial comradeship which united them, I felt attracted to them, and wanted to get better acquainted with them, which was not a difficult thing for me to do. I already knew the gentle and upright Operoff. Now, the dashing and remarkably clever Zukhin, who evidently reigned over this circle, pleased me extremely. He was a small, stout, dark-complexioned man, with somewhat swollen and always shining but extremely intelligent, lively, and independent face. This expression was especially due to his forehead, which was not lofty, but arched over deep black eyes, his short, bristling hair, and his thick black beard, which bore the appearance of never being shaved. He did not seem to think of himself (a thing which always pleased me in people), but it was evident that his mind was never idle. His was one of those expressive countenances which undergo an entire and sudden change in your eyes a few hours after you have seen them for the first time. This is what happened in my eyes with Zukhin's face towards the end of the evening. New wrinkles suddenly made their appearance on his countenance, his eyes retreated still deeper, his smile became different, and his whole face was so changed that it was with difficulty that I recognised him.

When the meeting was at an end, Zukhin, the other students, and I drank a glass of vodka apiece in order to show our desire to be good comrades, and hardly any remained in the bottle. Zukhin inquired who had a quarter-rouble, that the old woman who waited on him might be sent for more vodka. I offered my money; but Zukhin turned to Operoff as though he had not heard me, and Operoff, pulling out a little bead purse, gave him the money that was needed.

"See that you don't get drunk," said Operoff, who did not drink at all himself.

"By no means," replied Zukhin, sucking the marrow from the mutton-bone (I remember thinking at the time, "He is so clever because he eats a great deal of marrow.") "By no means," went on Zukhin, smiling slightly, and his smile was such that one noticed it involuntarily, and felt grateful to him for the smile. "Though I should get drunk, there's no harm. Now let's see, brothers: who will wager that I'll come out better than he will, or he better than I? It's all ready, brothers," he added, tapping his head boastfully. "There's Semenoff, he would not have broken down if he had not caroused so deeply."

In fact, that same grey-haired Semenoff, who had so much delighted me at the first examination by being homelier than myself, and who, after having passed second in the entrance examinations, had attended the lectures punctually during the first month of his studenthood, had caroused before the review, and towards the end of the year's course had not shown himself at the university at all.

"Where is he?" asked someone.

"I have lost sight of him," went on Zukhin. "The last time we were together we broke everything at the Lisbon tavern. Semenoff has turned out a magnificent scamp. What a head he has! What fire there is in that man! What a mind! It's a pity if he should come to grief; but he certainly will. With his outbreaks he wasn't the kind of fellow to sit still in the university.

After a little further conversation, all rose to go, having agreed to meet at Zukhin's on the following days, because his quarters were the nearest to all the others. When we all emerged into the courtyard, I was rather conscience-stricken that they should all be on foot, while I alone rode in a drozhky; and in my shame I proposed to Operoff to take him home. Zukhin had come out with us, and, borrowing a silver rouble of Operoff,

he went off somewhere to visit for the night. On the way Operoff told me a great deal about Zukhin's character, and manner of life ; and when I reached home I did not go to sleep for a long time, for thinking of the new people with whom I had become acquainted. For a long while I lay awake wavering, on the one hand, between respect for them—as their learning, simplicity, honesty, and all their poetry of youth and daring, inclined me in their favour, while, on the other hand, their ungentlemanly exterior, more or less, repelled me. In spite of all this desire, it was at that time literally impossible for me to associate with them. Our ideas were entirely different. There was between us an abyss of shades, which constituted for me all the charm and reason of life, which were utterly incomprehensible to them, and *vice versa*. But the principal reason why we could not possibly associate was my coat, made of twenty-rouble cloth, my drozhky, and my cambric shirts. This reason had particular weight with me. It seemed to me that I insulted them with the signs of my prosperity. I felt guilty before them ; and I could not in any way enter upon equal, genuinely friendly relations with them, because I first humbled myself, then rebelled against my undeserved humiliation, and then proceeded to self-confidence. But the coarse, vicious side of Zukhin's character had been, during this period, to such a degree overwhelmed by that powerful poetry of bravery of which I had a presentiment in him, that it did not affect me at all unpleasantly.

For two weeks I went nearly every evening to study at Zukhin's. I studied very little ; for, as I have already said, I had fallen behind my comrades, and as I had not sufficient force to study alone, in order to catch up with them, I only pretended to listen and understand what was read. It seemed to me that my companions divined my dissimulation ; and I observed that

they frequently skipped passages which they knew themselves, and never asked me about them.

Every day I became more and more lenient towards the disorder of this circle, I felt drawn towards it, and found much that was poetical in it. My word of honour alone, which I had given to Dmitri, not to go anywhere on a carouse with them, restrained my desire to share their pleasures.

Once I attempted to brag before them of my knowledge of literature, and particularly of French literature; and I led the conversation to that subject. It turned out, to my amazement, although they pronounced the titles of foreign books in Russian fashion, that they had read a great deal more than I, that they knew and prized English and even Spanish writers, and Lesage of whom I had never even heard. Pushkin and Zhukovsky were literature to them (and not, as to me, little books in yellow bindings which I had read and learned as a child). They despised Dumas, Sue, and Féval equally; and passed judgment, Zukhin in particular, upon literature much better, and more clearly than I, as I could not but acknowledge. Neither had I any advantage over them in my knowledge of music. Still more to my amazement, Operoff played on the violin, another of the students who studied with us played the violoncello and the piano; and both played in the university orchestra, knew music very well, and prized it highly. In a word, with the exception of the French and German accent, they knew everything that I attempted to brag about before them, much better than I did, and were not in the least proud of it. I might have boasted of my social position; but, unlike Volodya, I had none. What, then, was that height from which I looked down upon them? my acquaintance with Prince Ivan Ivanitch? my pronunciation of French? my drozhky! my cambric shirts?

my finger-nails? The thought that all this was nonsense began to pass dimly through my mind at times, under the influence of envy for the fellowship and good-natured youthful mirth which I saw before me. They all called each other *thou*. The simplicity of their intercourse approached coarseness, but even beneath this rough exterior a fear of offending each other in any way was constantly visible. *Scamp* and *pig*, words which were employed by them in an affectionate sense, made me recoil, and gave me cause for inward ridicule; but these words did not offend them in the least, or prevent their standing on the most friendly footing with one another. They were careful and delicate in their dealings with one another, as only very poor and very young people are. But the chief point was, that I scented something grand and wild in the character of Zukhin and his adventures at the Lisbon tavern. I had a suspicion that these carouses must be something quite different from the sham affair with burnt rum and champagne in which I had participated at Baron Z.'s.

CHAPTER XLIV

ZUKHIN AND SEMENOFF.

I DO not know to what class of society Zukhin belonged; but I know that he was from the C. gymnasium, had no money whatever, and apparently was not of noble birth. He was eighteen at this time, though he appeared much older. He was remarkably clever, and particularly quick at grasping an idea; it was easier for him to embrace the whole of a many-sided subject, to foresee all its details and deduce its various results, than to analyse the laws by virtue of which these results are arrived at. He knew that he was clever; he was proud of it, and in consequence of this pride he was uniformly simple and good-natured in his intercourse with everyone. He must have suffered much in the course of his life. His fiery, sensitive nature had already received the impression of love and friendship and of the ordinary cares of life. Although he lived on scanty means, and in the lower classes of society, there was nothing for which, after having made proof of it, he did not feel either scorn, or a certain indifference and inattention, which proceeded from the too great facility with which he acquired everything. Apparently he only grasped at every novelty for the sake of scorning what he had obtained after gaining his object, and his gifted nature always attained his goal, and had a right to feel contempt. It was the same thing with the sciences: he studied little, took no notes, yet had a superior knowledge of mathematics, and boasted

of it, saying that he could beat the professor. He thought a great deal of what they taught was nonsense ; but with his characteristic, *unconsciously practical*, and *roguish* nature, he immediately fell in with what the professor required, and all the professors liked him. He was *outspoken* in his bearing with the authorities, yet the authorities respected him. He not only did not respect or love the sciences, but he even despised those who occupied themselves seriously with what he acquired so easily. The sciences, as he understood them, did not require the tenth part of his gifts ; life in his position as a student did not offer anything to which he could devote himself wholly ; but, as he said, his fiery, active nature demanded life, and he gave himself up to dissipation of such a kind as his means permitted, and yielded himself with ardour and a desire to exhaust his powers, as far as practicable. Before the examinations, Operoff's prediction was fulfilled. Zukhin disappeared for a couple of weeks, so that we made our preparations during the last part of the time at another student's rooms. But at the first examination, he made his appearance in the hall, pale, haggard, and with trembling hands, and passed into the second course in a brilliant manner.

At the beginning of the course the company of carousers was formed of eight men, at whose head stood Zukhin. Ikonin and Semenoff were among the number at first. The former left the company because he could not endure the wild dissipation to which they gave themselves over at the beginning of the year ; but the second did not desert them, because it seemed a small matter to him. At first, all the men in our class looked upon these carousers with a kind of horror, and related their pranks to each other.

The chief heroes of these pranks were Zukhin, and, towards the end of the year, Semenoff. All regarded Semenoff, towards the end, with a certain

terror; and when he came to a lecture, which very rarely happened, there was a sensation in the auditorium.

Semenoff wound up his career of dissipation, just before the examinations, in the most original and energetic manner; of which I was a witness, thanks to my acquaintance with Zukhin. This is how it was. One evening, when we had just assembled at Zukhin's, and Operoff, having arranged beside him, in addition to the tallow candle in the candlestick, a tallow candle in a bottle, and, with his head bent down over the note-books, was beginning to read in his shrill voice from his minutely written notes on physics, the landlady entered the room, and informed Zukhin that someone had come with a note for him.* . . .

*The rest of the story is omitted in the Russian.

CHAPTER XLV.

I MAKE A FAILURE

AT length the first examination arrived, on the differential and integral calculus; but I was in a kind of a strange mist, and had no clear conception of what awaited me. It occurred to me during the evening, after enjoying the society of Zukhin and his comrades, that it was necessary to make some change in my convictions; that there was something about them which was not nice, and not just what it should be: but in the morning, in the light of the sun, I again became *comme il faut*, was very well content with that, and desired no alterations in myself.

It was in this frame of mind that I came to the first examination. I seated myself on a bench on the side where sat the princes, counts, and barons, and began to converse with them in French; and, strange as it may seem, the thought never occurred to me that I should presently be called upon to answer questions upon a subject which I knew nothing about. I gazed coolly at those who went up to be examined, and I even permitted myself to make fun of some of them.

"Well, Grap, how goes it?" I said to Ilinka when he returned from the table. "Did you get frightened?"

"We'll see how you come out," said Ilinka, who

had utterly rebelled against my influence from the day he entered the university, who never smiled when I spoke to him, and was ill-disposed towards me.

I smiled scornfully at Ilinka's reply, although the doubt which he expressed alarmed me for a moment. But the mist again spread itself over this feeling; and I remained indifferent and absent-minded, so that I promised to go and lunch with Baron Z. at Materna's as soon as ever I had been examined (as though this was a matter of the utmost insignificance to me). When I was called up with Ikonin, I arranged the skirts of my uniform, and stepped up to the examination table with perfect nonchalance.

A slight chill of terror coursed through my back only when the young professor—the same one who had questioned me at the entrance examination—looked me straight in the face, and I touched the note-paper on which the questions were written. Although Ikonin took his ticket with the same swaying of his whole body as during the preceding examinations, he answered after a fashion, though very badly. And I did what he had done at the first examinations: I did even worse; for I took a second card, and made no reply at all. The professor looked me compassionately in the face, and said in a firm but quiet voice—

"You will not pass into the second class, Mr. Irteneff. It will be better not to present yourself for examination. This course must be weeded out. And the same with you, Mr. Ikonin," he added.

Ikonin asked permission to be re-examined, as though it were an alms; but the professor replied that he could not accomplish in two days what he had not accomplished in the course of a year, and that he could not possibly pass. Ilkonin begged again in a humble and pitiful manner, but the professor again refused.

"You may go, gentlemen," he said in the same low but firm voice.

It was only then that I could make up my mind to leave the table; and I was ashamed at having, as it were, taken part by my silence in Ikonin's prayers. I do not remember how I traversed the hall, past the students; what reply I made to their questions; how I made my way into the anteroom, and got home.

For three days I did not leave my room: I saw no one; I found solace in tears, as in my childhood, and wept a great deal. I looked up my pistols, in order that I might shoot myself if I should feel any desire to do so. I thought that Ilinka Grap would spit in my face when he met me, and that he would be quite right in so doing; that Operoff would rejoice in my misfortune, and tell everybody about it; that Kolpikoff was quite correct in insulting me at Jahr's; that my stupid speeches to Princess Kornakova could have no other result; and so on and so on. All the moments of my life which had been torturing to my self-love, and hard to bear, passed through my mind one after the other; and I tried to blame someone else for my misfortunes. I thought that someone had done this on purpose; I invented a whole intrigue against myself; I grumbled at the professors, at my comrades, at Volodya, at Dmitri, at papa because he had sent me to the university; I complained of Providence, for having allowed me to live to see such disgrace. Finally, conscious of my complete ruin in the eyes of all who knew me, I begged papa to let me enter the hussars, or go to the Caucasus. Papa was displeased with me; but, on seeing my terrible grief, he comforted me by saying that it was not so very bad; that matters might be arranged if I would take a different course of study. Volodya too, who did not see anything dreadful in my misfortune, said that in another course I should

at least not feel ashamed before my fellow-students.

Our ladies did not understand it at all, and would not, or could not, comprehend what an examination was—what it meant, to fail to pass; and only pitied me, because they saw my grief.

Dmitri came to see me every day, and was extremely gentle and tender during this whole period; but, for that very reason, it seemed to me that he had grown cold towards me. It always seemed to me a pain and an insult, when, mounting to my room, he sat down close to me in silence, with a little of that expression which a doctor wears when he seats himself at the bedside of a very sick man. Sophia Ivanovna and Varenka sent me books by him, which I had formerly wanted, and wished me to come to see them; but, in this very attention, I perceived a haughty and insulting condescension towards me, the man who had fallen so very low. At the end of three days, I became somewhat composed; but, even up to our departure for the country, I did not leave the house; and, thinking only of my grief, I lounged idly from room to room, endeavouring to avoid all the members of the household.

I thought and thought; and finally, late in the evening, as I was sitting downstairs and listening to Avdotya Vasilievna's waltz, I suddenly sprang up, ran upstairs, got my note-book, on which was written, "Rules of Life," opened it, and a moment of repentance and moral expansion came over me. I wept, but no longer with tears of despair. When I recovered myself, I decided to write down my rules of life again; and I was firmly convinced that I should never henceforth do anything wrong, nor spend a single minute in idleness, nor ever alter my rules.

Whether this moral impetus lasted long, in what it consisted, and what new laws sustained my moral development, I shall some day relate when describ-

ing the subsequent and happier half of my youth.*

*The last half of the Memoirs, if written, has never been published. Russian and foreign critics, however, are agreed in opinion that in Constantine Levin, the hero of "Anna Karenina," Count Tolstoi has depicted himself, and has described the development of his ideas during the ensuing period of his life.

PRINTED BY BURLEIGH LTD., AT THE BURLEIGH PRESS, BRISTOL, ENGLAND